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John Dayman

1886

33 before only 1/2

THE FIRST FOUR BOOKS
OF
THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL,
IN ENGLISH HEROIC VERSE.

WITH OTHER
TRANSLATIONS AND POEMS.


BY
RICHARD STANYHURST.

PRINTED AT EDINBURGH.
MDCCCXXXVI.

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EDINBURGH PRINTING COMPANY.

PREFATORY NOTICE.

ICHARD STANYHURST, the author of the following translation of the First Four Books of the *ÆNEIS* OF VIRGIL, was born in Dublin,* of which city, his father, James Stanyhurst, was recorder.† He was educated, according to Wood, “in grammar-learning, under Peter Whyte,” and became a commoner in University College, Oxford, in 1563, where he improved his time so much, that at the early age of nineteen, and “at two years standing,” he astonished his contemporaries by producing his Commentaries on Porphyry, “to the great admiration of learned men and others.” When he had taken one degree in arts, he left the college, retired to London, and first became a student in Furnival’s, and afterwards in Lincoln’s Inn. After spending some time there in the study of the common law, he returned to Ireland.

* Wood’s *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. 3, p. 252. New edition by the Rev. P. Bliss. 1815, 4to.

† He died at Dublin, 27th December 1573, aged 51.

He married Genet* or Janet, third daughter of Sir Christopher Barnewall of Turvey, Knight (grandfather of the first Viscount Kingsland). This connexion was not of long duration, as his lady died in childbed, at the age of nineteen, on the 26th of August 1579, and was buried in Chelsea. An epitaph by her husband occurs amongst his poems.

Wood, to whose brief notices we are principally indebted for any information relative to Stanyhurst, after mentioning his return to his native country, informs us that, "his mind changing there as to his religion, he went beyond the seas (being then a married man), and in the Low Countries, France, and other nations, he became famous for his learning, noted to princes, and more especially to the Archduke of Austria, who made him his chaplain (his wife being then dead), and allowed him a plentiful salary. He was accounted by many (especially by those of his persuasion) an excellent theologian, Grecian, philosopher, historian, and orator. Cambden styles him, 'eruditissimus ille nobilis Rich. Stanihurstus;' and others of his time say, 'that he was so rare a poet, that he and Gabriel Harvey were the best for Iambics in that age.'"

Harvey, strange to say, classes him with Spenser and Daniel:†
 "I cordially recommend to the deare lovers of the muses,

* Lodge's Irish Peerage, vol. 3, p. 49.
 p. 29. 1592, 4to.

† See Four Letters and certaine Sonnets, Let. iii.

PREFATORY NOTICE.

v

and, namely, to the professed sonnes of the same, Edmond Spenser, Richard Stanihurst, Abraham Fraunce,* Thomas Wat-

* Abraham Fraunce was the author of several very scarce poetical works; in particular, 1. "The Countesse of Pembroke's Yuychurch. Containing the affectionate life and unfortunate death of Phillis and Amyntas. That in a pastorall; this in a funerall—both in English Hexameter. London, printed by Thomas Orwyn, 1591." pp. 94.

2. "The Countesse of Pembroke's Emanuel. Containing the nativity, passion, buriall, and resurrection of Christ: together with certaine Psalmes of Daud, all in English Hexameters. Imprinted at London." pp. 38. In Longman's *Bibliotheca Anglo Poetica*, these two thin quarto volumes are valued at L.45.

3. "The third part of the Countesse of Pembroke's Yuychurch: entitled Amintas Dale. Wherein are the most conceited tales of the Pagan Gods, in English Hexameters; together with their auncient descriptions and philosophical explications. At Lvndon, printed for Thomas Woodcocke, 1592." 4to, pp. 122. In the same collection, a copy of this work, with two leaves in MS., is valued at L.40!!

As Stanihurst and Fraunce are equally lauded by Harvey for their endeavours to enrich and polish the English tongue, a specimen of the Hexameters of the latter may not be out of place. It is taken from the *History of Vertumnus and Pomona*, which is one of the "conceited" tales mentioned above.

How many thousand times did he turne himself to a reaper
And in a reapers weedes, bare sheaues of corne in a bundell,
And when he was so dreast, each man would deeme him a reaper?
How many thousand times did he change himself to a mower
And with long tooth'd rake, with crook't sithe went to the medowe,
And when he thus made hay, each man tooke him for a mower?
How many times did he then transforme himselfe to a plowman,
All in a leather pilch, with a goad in his hand, or a plowestaffe,
And so shapte, each man would sweare that he were but a plowman?
Yea how oft did he frame and shape himself as a gardner?
If that he met with a sweard, or a souldiers coate, or a cassock,
Cassock, coate, and sweard did make him marche as a souldier.
And, when baits and hookes, and angling-rods he receaued,
Fishers and anglers so well, so right he resembled,
That both Nymph and fish might well therewith be deceaued.
So and so did this *Vertumnus*, slippery turnecoate,
Turne, and winde, transforme, and change himself to a thousand
Shapes, and all, to behold *Pomona* the Lady of Apples.

Fraunce also wrote "the Lawiers Logike, exemplifying the præcepts of Logike by the practice of the Common Lawe." Black letter; London, 1588, 4to. This work is in prose, but has a dedication in rhyme to Henry Earl of Pembroke; and there are several pieces of poetry interspersed throughout the volume.

son,* Samuel Daniel, Thomas Nashe, and the rest, whom I affectionately thancke for their studious endeouours commendably employed in enriching and polishing their native tongue." Nashe, in his *Apology of Pierce Pennelesse*, printed in the following year, does not exactly seem to relish the compliment paid to him, for he remarks, that "Stanyhurst, the otherwise learned, trod a foul, lumbering, boisterous, walloping measure, in his translation of Virgil. He had never been praised by Gabriel Harvey for his labour, if therein he had not been so famously absurd."

Stanyhurst is said to have gone to Antwerp, where he professed alchemy and the philosopher's stone—but not succeeding, he went to Spain and practised physic. In Burman's Collection

* Thomas Watson has been pronounced by Steevens to be "an older and much more elegant sonneteer than Shakspear." He was author of "*Hekatompathia, or passionate centurie of love divided into two parts.*" No date, but entered on the stationers' books in 1581, under the title of "*Watson's Passions, manifesting the true phrenzy of love.*" Of his poetical powers, specimens are given by Ellis, vol. ii. p. 277. For various particulars relative to him, see *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 63, p. 904, and vol. 68, p. 668.

Heywood remarks,

Our modern poets to that passe are driven,
Those names are curtal'd which they first had given
And as we wish'd to haue their memories drownd,
We scarcely can afford them halfe their sound.

After enumerating various instances of this, he continues,

—— Tom Watson, though he wrote
Able to make Apollo's selfe to dote
Upon his muse; for all that he could strive
Yet never could to his full name arrive.

Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels. London, 1635, folio, p. 206.

of Letters, there is the following one from Stanyhurst to Lipsius from Madrid:—

“RICHARDUS STANYHURSTUS J. LIPSIO, S.D.

“*Leodicum.*

“Prius ad fores tuas, quam me in viam, Hispaniam versus, dedi, petatus adfisto. Respondet ancilla, extra foras limenque te esse. Angebar, te jam tum maxime non adesse, cum te minime abesse peroptarem. Volui enim te in meis: tibi, prout potui, in tuis rebus consulere. Verum, mi Lipsi, corporis, non animi erga te mei discessio est facta. Multi, qui excellentibus scriptis, qualia sunt tua, mirabiliter delectantur, qua in Italia, qua in Hispania, ad me, de te multa. Mihi et dolere, et lætari vifi. Dolere, quod ibi tam diu esses, ubi eras: lætari, quod ibi jam nunc sis, ubi es. Ego tuam causam ea fidelitate egi, et peregi, quam et tua dignitas postulavit, et ipsius causæ veritas flagitavit. Quod reliquum est, absens itero, quo de præsens sæpius tecum: scilicet, ut orationem tuam, quam de laudibus divinissimæ Virginis Mariæ, proxima æstate, Leodii habuisti, quamprimum regustes, quam celerrime divulges. Cave existimes, in me uno hujus desiderii igniculum foveri. Etenim spondeo tibi, quamplurimos e nostris, hoc est, in sanctissimæ hujus patronæ fodalitium cooptatis, istud idem a te, non tam communi voce petere, quam singulari pietate exigere. Quorsum itaque homines, omnia præclara et egregia de te sentientes, diuturno desiderio æstuarare permittis? Da te in hanc curam. Si vacas, stude: si studes, lectita: si lectitas, scribe: si scribis, effice et perface, ut istam tuam orationem, limatulo tuo judicio politam, abjecta omni cunctatione, videamus. Habes de tuis: de meis scire aves? Dic, amabo te, Juste Lipsi. Aveo, inquis. Ex animo? Quidem certe. Igitur obtutum in chartula fige. Simul atque iter suscepi,

a spinosioribus meis studiis animum prorsus abduxi. Multa hujus relaxationis invitamenta occurrunt. Frequens comitatus: Meorum, remota scurrili dicacitate, facetiæ: equi placide et expedite gradientes, denique (quod est peregrinanti maxime optandum) bona pecuniæ vis, qua, in quovis diversorio, tinnire licuit. Ab honorificentissimis Imperii principibus honorificentissime fui acceptus. In his *Julium*, Antistitem Herbipolensem, perbenignum habui. Præsul omnino certus, pius, et politicus. Dum Politicum scribo, vim verbi, sicuti veteres, respicio: non uti hujus ævi Machivelliani, qui publica scelera politicis velis obtendunt. Manu te Genuam duco. Istinc, felicitate navigandi usus, Palomofam (quæ est maritimum Cataloniæ oppidum) appello. Paucis interpositis diebus, navicula, secundo vento, Barcelonam advehor. Cives portum et portam mihi meisque occludere, arbitrati nos esse, qui non eramus, hoc est, peregrinatores, peste infectos et fere confectos. Mei, scriptis et testimoniis, causam agere; nos recta Genua venisse: Perpinianum provinciam (ibi jam tum grassari pestem, rumor fuit) non adtigisse. Hac controversia ad solem præcipitantem ducta, ignem et aquam nobis interdicere. Mutata itaque velificatione, ad pagum, civitati citimum, advolamus. Ibi item rustici, pilis et gladiis, nobis obversari, et adversari. Venit jam tum mihi in mentem illud Poëtæ:

*Quod genus hoc hominum? Quæve hunc tam barbara morem
Permittit patria? Hospitio prohibemur arenæ:
Bella cient, primaque vetant consistere terra.*

Etsi hæc in illos non ita adposite quadrant, qui, in pestiferis malis arcendis malunt haberi nimis timidi, quam parum providi. Ad aliam itaque villulam vela damus. Interea ventus increbuit inopinatus: turbulentissimorum fluctuum turbidissima accessio: in ipso portu minime portuosa

navigatio. Nautæ, tandem bajuli effecti, mecum, in litore, fluctibus obruuntur. Illi raptim excitantur: ego, eorum opera, emerfus e vado, evado. Vides, mi Lipſi, quam falſi gaudii uſuram mundus mundanis impertit. In alto tuto velificari, in portu repentino immergi. Ab adverſis aſeo, ad proſpera propero. Patuit mihi, ſtatim fere atque Madridum perveni, ad Regem Catholicum non modo aditus, ſed etiam introitus. Bone Deus, quanta in potentiſſimo orbis terrarum Monarcha comitas adfabilitasque ſermonis? Nulla frontis nubecula: oris preſſus intuenti gratiſſimus. Nihil attinet me plura ſcribere. Narro tamen tibi, nihil, in vita mea, audivi gravius, vidi humanius, novi prudentius. Omnia mihi prolixè promittit, etiam opipare præſtat. Multorum in me oculi, ob extraordinariam hanc gratiam, converſi. Quis? Quo? Cujas, quid? Verum hæc ad te ſcribo verboſius, oblitus tui, immemor mei. Te enim, utpote ſcriptorem frugalem et parcum, verborum parſimonix adſtrictum novi. Me etiam maximarum occupationum concurſus diſtentiſſimum tenet. Quod reliquum eſt, ſi qua in re tibi inſervire potero, rogo, ne roges, ſed imperes. Me ad omnia paratiſſimum habebis. Hoc re, quam oratione faciam libentius. Vale, et ſalutem D. *Dominico Lampſonio*, meis verbis, nuntia ſingularem. Madridi Calend. Februarii. 1592."

He died at Antwerp, in the year 1618. "I find one Will. Stanyhurst, who was born in the ſaid city of Brussels anno 1601, and entered into the Society of Jeſus in 1617, whom I ſuppoſe to be ſon to our author R. Stanyhurst. He was a comely perſon, endow- ed with rare parts, and a writer and publisher of ſeveral things, as Nat. Southwell tells you in his Supplement to Bib. Soc. Jeſ., who adds that the ſaid Stanyhurst died in January 1665."* This

* Wood's Athen. Oxon. vol. iii. p. 255. There is a brief account of Stanyhurst in the "Memoires

supposition of honest Anthony is somewhat questionable, as Stanyhurst's wife died in 1579; and we learn from Smith's Life of Usher,* that after her demise he became a Catholick priest, a fact which excludes the possibility of his having a *lawful* son in 1601.† He wrote,

I. Harmonia, sive Catena Dialectica in Porphyrianas Constitutiones. Lon. 1570 and 1579, folio. This work, before publication, was communicated to Edmund Campian the Jesuit, who gives the following character of the author:—"Mirifice lætatus sum, esse adolescentem in Academia nostra, tali familia, eruditione, probitate; cujus extrema pueritia cum multis laudabili maturitate viris certare possit."‡

II. Richardi Stanihursti Dubliniensis, de rebus in Hibernia gestis, libri quattuor, ad carissimum suum fratrem, clarissimumque virum, P. Plunketum, Dominum Baronem Dunsaniæ.

Accessit his libris Hibernicarum rerum Appendix, ex Silvestro Geraldo Cambrensi peruetusto scriptore collecta; cum eiusdem Stanihursti adnotationibus. Omnia nunc primum in lucem

pour servir a l'Histoire des Hommes illustres dans la republique des lettres," by Niceron. A Paris, 1732, 12mo, vol. 18, p. 35; but it is almost entirely taken from Anthony a Wood.

* London, 1707. 4to, page 7.

† Ryan, in his *Lives of Irish Worthies*, seems to have adopted the idea of this individual being Stanyhurst's son, without sufficient enquiry. He might have been a son, but assuredly not a lawful one.

‡ In *Epistolis Suis*. Ingolst., 1602, p. 50.

edita. Antverpiæ, apud Christophorum Plantinum, M.D.LXXXIII, 4to.

This last mentioned work is dedicated to Patrick, fifth Baron Dunsaney, whom he terms his “most dear brother”—his Lordship having married his sister-in-law Mary, eleventh daughter of Sir Christopher Barnewall. In the dedication, after a somewhat inflated panegyric on the family of Plunket, Stanyhurst refers to his early friendship with the noble Lord, and their subsequent connexion by marriage. “Quis enim Dunsaniæ dynastas in oculis non ferat? Quæ ætas de Dominorum Kelleniæ fama conticuit? Ecquæ diecula præteruolauit, in qua Louthiæ Barones non effloruerunt? Denique in quis compitis pedem ponas, ad quem angiporum digitum intendas, in quas valuas oculis coniicias, in quibus Plunketorum collustrata insignia et rerum non solum gestarum, sed etiam fortiter excellenterque gestarum, expressa vestigia circulanti non liceat contueri? Deinde hoc adiungo, in eadem patria et in eadem etiam patriæ particula, ambos nos prognatos esse. Suggestum et item sit illud, familiaritatem nostram ab ineunte ætate nobiscum creuisse. Proprius vero accedit, nuptiali fraternaue nos esse coniunctione in clarissima Barneualorum familia copulatos,” &c.

III. Descriptio Hiberniæ. This was translated into English, and inserted in Holingshed’s Chronicles. Lon. 1586, folio.

IV. De Vita Sancti Patricii Hyberniae Apostoli. Lib. 2. Ant. 1587, 8vo.

V. Hebdomada Mariana, ex Orthodoxis Catholicæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ patribus collecta; in memoriam 7 Festorum Beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ, &c. Ant. 1609, oct. In this book Stanyhurst designs himself, "Serenissimorum principum sacellanus;" i. e. Chaplain of Duke Albert and Isabel his princess.

VI. Hebdomada Eucharistica. Duac. 1614, 8vo.

VII. Brevis præmunitio pro futura concertatione cum Jacobo Usserio qui in sua Historia explicatione conatur probare Pontificeno Romanum (legitimum in terris Christi Vicarium) verum et germanum esse Antichristum. Duac. 1615, 8vo.*

Mary Stanyhurst, Archbishop Usher's mother, was the poet's sister. The uncle and nephew were on the best terms, and although differing in their religious views, seem to have entertained the greatest affection for each other. In Parr's Life of Usher occurs the following letter from the nephew to his uncle, which demonstrates the kindly feelings that existed between them:†—

* Nicéron states that Stanyhurst "outré cela écrivit plusieurs lettres, pour tâcher de le convertir à la Religion Catholique. Mais il y avoit trop d'inégalité entr'eux, par rapport à l'habileté et au savoir, pour que son zèle put produire quelque chose." Nicéron, f. 38.

† Life of Usher by Parr. Lon. 1686. Folio.

A LETTER FROM MR JAMES USHER, AFTERWARDS ARCH BISHOP OF
ARMAGH, TO MR RICHARD STANIHURST AT THE ENGLISH COL-
LEDGE IN LOVAIN.

DEAR UNCLE,

Having the opportunity of this messenger so fitly offered unto me, I make bold to desire your furtherance in some matters that concern my studies. The principal part of my study at this time is employed in perusing the writings of the Fathers, and observing out of them the doctrine of the Ancient Church; wherein I find it very necessary that the reader should be thoroughly informed touching his Authors, what time they lived, and what works are truly, what falsely, attributed to them; either of which being mistaken, must of force bring great confusion in this kind of study. To help students wherein, *Johannes Molanus*, sometime Divinity Professor in the University of *Lovain*, wrote a book which he intitled *Bibliotheca Theologica*, giving charge at his death to his heirs, that they should see the work published (as witnesseth *Posssevinus in Apparatu Sacro*); but they being negligent in discharging that trust committed unto them, the book is at last fallen into the hands of *Aubertus Miræus*, a Canon of Antwerp, as himself acknowledgeth in his edition of *Sigebert's Chronicle*. If you could procure from him the copy thereof (which I suppose will be no hard matter for you to effect), and with some convenient speed impart it unto me, I should take it for a very great argument of your love, and hold myself exceedingly obliged unto you thereby. Besides my main studies, I have always used, as a kind of recreation, to spend some time in gathering together the scattered antiquities of our nation; whereof I doubt not but many relicks are come into your

hands, which I would very willingly hear of. But especially I would intreat you to let me have a copy of *Philip Flatſbeury's* Chronicle, for hitherto I could never get a fight of it; as neither of *Cornelius Hibernicus* his history, cited by *Hector Boethius*; *Sentleger's* Collections, alledged by *Mr Cam-pian*; *Richard Creagh* of the Saints of *Ireland*; *Christopher Pembridg* his Abstract of the *Irish* Chronicles, &c. There is also among the manuscript books of the Jesuites Colledge at Lovain, the Life of *St. Patrick*, a manuscript, &c. A manuscript whereof I have much desired, both because the author seemeth to be of some antiquity, and likewise alledged certain sentences out of *St. Patrick's* own writings. If any of our country men, studious of such matters, will be pleased to communicate either that, or any other antiquities of like nature, I do promise that I will take as much pains for him, and make full recompence of courtesie in the same kind. Your own Treatise of *St. Patrick's* Life I have; as also your *Hebdomada Mariana*. Your *Margarita Mariana*, and other writings (if there be any), I have much sought for, but could not as yet get: Thus, presuming upon that natural bond of love which is knit betwixt us, that I shall receive such satisfaction from you as I expect: with my mother, your sister's most kind remembrance—I remain your most loving nephew,

JAMES USHER.

VIII. Wood notices a work in English, entitled, *The Principles of Catholic Religion*, but adds, “this I have not yet seen, and therefore I cannot tell you when or where it was printed.”

IX. The poetical works which are here reprinted from the exceedingly rare copy preserved in the Drummond Collection,

University Library.* The translation of Virgil had originally been printed at Leyden,† but no copy of it has hitherto been traced.

In this very remarkable translation, Mr Park remarks,‡ that Stanyhurst's endeavour "seems to have been to render the sound an imitation of the sense; but he wanted taste and skill to accomplish his purpose with agreeableness. The pure and exquisite style of Virgil, which a modern critic§ has pronounced to be his only "preserving pickle," is therefore perverted by Stanyhurst into a species of travestie which has grossly libelled his original. To the golden car of Phoebus, he has yoked the team of a mud cart, and is more adroit in using the language of a carman, than the rein of a charioteer."

A still higher authority observes, as "Chaucer has been called the well of English undefiled, so might Stanihurst be denominated the common sewer of the language. He is, however, a very entertaining, and to a philologist, a very instructive writer. His version of the First Four Books of the *Æneid* is exceedingly rare, and deserves to be reprinted for its incomparable oddity. It seems impossible that a man could have written in such a style without intending to burlesque what he was about,

* A valuable collection of books presented to the Library of the University of Edinburgh, by William Drummond of Hawthornden, the poet and historian.

† Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*. London, 1802. Crown 8vo, p. 351.

‡ *Censura Literaria*, vol. i. London, 1816. 8vo, p. 410.

§ Pinkerton in his *Letters on Literature*, p. 150.

and yet it is certain that Stanihurst seriously meant to write heroic poetry.”*

Indeed, some of the passages are so exquisitely absurd, that it is refreshing to read them;—for example, the line

“ Exoritur clamorque virum, clangorque tubarum,”

is rendered

“ The towns-men roared, the trump taratantara rattled.”

We have,

“ Arma virumque cano,” converted into “ manhod and garboils I chaunt.”†

Jupiter,

“ Oscula libavit natæ,” “ bust his prettie parat prating.”

And

“ Portantur avari

“ Pygmalionis opes pelago,”

“ Pigmalion’s riches was shipt, that pinchepeny butcher.”

Again,

“ Omnia tuta vides,” “ thow seest al cocksure.”

Next,

“ Ergo his aligerum dictis adfatur Amorem,”

“ This reason her sturring, thus spake she to cocknye Cupido.”

* Southey—*Omniana*, vol. I. 192.

† This did not escape Bishop Hall’s satire, for he says,

Give me the numbred verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil’s self shall speak the English tongue:
Manhood and garboiles shall he chaunt with chaunted feet,
And head strong dactyles making music meet.

Virgidemiarum, lib. i. sat. 6. Hall’s Satires by Singer. Cheswick, 1824. 12mo, p. 16.

This conversion of a winged, into a cockney "Cupido" is exceedingly happy; the counterfeit Ascanius is called a "dandy-prat," afterwards a "princox." The harpies are designated "galligut." Polyphemus,

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum,"

becomes

"A fowle fog monster, great swad, deprived of eyesight."

Dido, conversing with her sister Ann, rejoices that her mind is "foresnaffled" in consequence of the "murther beastly" of her former husband; otherwise there would have been no saying what she might have done with this "od gallant."

One passage is too delicious to omit. Poor Dido exclaims, whilst lamenting the circumstances of Æneas,

"Saltem, si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
Ante fugam soboles; si quis mihi parvulus aula
Luderet Æneas, qui te tantum ore referret,
Non equidem omnino capta, aut deserta viderer."

Which is thus rendered:

"——— if yeet some progenie from me
Had craw'd by the fatherd, if a cockney dandiprat hophthumb,
Prettye lad Æneas, in my court, wantoned, ere thou
Took's't this filthye fleing, that thee with phisnomy lyk'ned
I ne then had reck'ned myself for desolat owtcaste."

Not content with translating four entire books of the Æneid,

our poet also favours his readers with "The description of Liparen, expressed by Virgil in the Eight Booke of his *Æneis*, in which place the poet payed, as it weare, his price, by advancing at ful the loftines of his veyne;" and this is fully as extravagant as its predecessors. Talking of Vulcan's workshop, he says,

"Under is a kennel, wheare chymneys fyrye be scorching
Of Cyclopan tosters, with rent rocks champferye sharded,
Lowd dub a dub tabering, with frapping rip rap of *Ætna*."

Then he talks of

"A clapping fierbolt (such as oft with rownce robel hobble
Love to the ground clattreth) bat yeet not finished holye."

And next,

"Now doe they rayse gastly lightnings, now grislye reboundings
Of ruffe raffe roaring, men's harts with terror agrysing
With peale meale ramping, with thwack thwack sturdilye thundring."*

Stanyhurst, in his Preface, censures Phaer for not using, in his

* This is satyryzed by Bishop Hall—

"If Jove speaks English in a thundering cloud,
Thwack thwack, and ruff raff roars he out aloud.
Fie on the forced mint that did create
New coin of words, never articulate."

Virgidentiarum, lib. i. sat. 6.

Nash also ridicules this passage—

"Then did he make heaven's vault to rebounde with rounce robble hobble
Of ruffe raffe roaring, with thwack thwack thurlerie bouncing."

translation of the *Æneid*, words sufficiently elevated and heroical; and he assures his reader that he has weeded out of his translation such choice words as the rival translator had adopted. His notions of the sublime must have been very peculiar, if we may take his “rownce robel hobble,” his “ruffe raffe roaring,” his “frapping rip rap,” and his “bouncing rumbelo thundring,” as samples.

Of the merits of Phaer,* and the justice of the attack made upon him by Stanyhurst, the following extract will enable the reader to judge. It is his description of the last moments of Dido:

“But Dido quaking fierce, with frantike moode and grisly hue,
With trembling spotted cheeks, her huge attemptings to pursue,
Besides her selfe for rage, and towards death with visage wan,
Her eyes about she rold, as red as bloud they looked than.
Anon to the inner court in haste she runnes, and vp the pyle
She mounting climbs aloft, and on the top thereof a while
She stood, and naked from the sheath she drawes the fatall blade,
A gift of Troy, that vnto these effects was neuer made.
There when she saw the Troian weeds and couch acquainted laid,
With trickling teares a while, and mourning heart, her selfe she staid;
Then flat on bed she fell, and there her last words then she said:
O sweete remains of cloathing left, and thou O dulcet bed
(While God and fortune would, and while my life with you I led)
Receive from me this soule, and from these cares my heart vntwine,
A time of life I had, of fortunes race I ran the line,

* In describing Dido's disturbed dreams, Phaer compares the state of the Queen to that of Orestes, who,

“—— bayted was with bugs and ghosts unkind.”

And now from me my figure great goth vnder ground to dwell:
 My walls I raised haue, and city rich, that doth excell,
 My husband's death, and on my brother false I worke my teene.
 O happy (welaway) and ouer-happy had I beene,
 If never Troian ship (alas) my country shore had seene.
 This said, she wryed her head: and vnreuenged must we die?
 But let vs boldly dye (quoth she) thus, thus to death I plie.
 Thus vnder ground I gladly goe, loe thus I do expire,
 Let yonder Troian Tyrant now with eyes deuoure this fire,
 As on the seas he sits, and with my death fulfil his ire.
 Thus speaking, in the midst thereof she left, and therewithall
 With brest on piercing sword her ladies saw where she did fall:
 The blade in fomy bloud, and hands abroad with sprawling throwne,
 To heauen the shouts arise, and through the towne the same is blowne,
 Lamenting lowd begins, and wailings wide and roaring hie,
 In euery house they howle, and women cast a rufull crie.
 The city shakes, the noise rebounding breakes the mighty skie.**

To shew his complete mastery in poesy, Stanyhurst treats his readers with translations from the Psalmes. The first is done "into English Iambical verse;"† the second "into English Heroical and Elegiacal verse;" the third "into English Asclepiad verse;" and the fourth "into English Saphick verse." These attempts are upon the whole creditable; and one or two stanzas might be selected as very happily executed.

* This translation, according to the attestation at the end of the canto, was finished "per Thomam Phaer, in foresta Kilgerran ix Aprilis, anno 1556. Opus quindecim dierum."

† "Amongst us (says Meares) I name but two iambical poets, Gabriel Harvey and Richard Stanyhurst; because I have seen no mo in this kind." *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. Meares has overlooked the "Iambicum Trimetrum of Spencer, printed in 1580."

Next we have, "Certayne Poetical Conceites," amongst which are included the "Description of Liparen," "An Endeavored description of his Mistresse," Epigrams from the Latin of Sir Thomas More, and other oddities. The volume concludes with various Epitaphs, most of which, if they have no other merit, are at least historically valuable. Stanyhurst, after his Epitaph on Girald Fitz Gerald, Baron of Offalye, has inserted "A Penitent Sonnet," written by that Lord "a little before his death," in which the noble author bitterly deplores the hours he has spent in play, and especially curses the "lucklesse time" that his eyes first saw "dice." The verses are by no means destitute of merit.

The following Latin verses by Stanyhurst are prefixed to "Verstegan's Restitution of Decayed Intelligence:"*

RICHARDI STANIHVERSTI CARMEN IN LIBRVM ANTIQVITATIS ANGLICÆ,
AMICISSIMI SUI DOMINI RICARDI VERSTIGANI ANGLI.

Extera perlustrans, Anglus terraque, marique
Possit, ut ignotis, notus inesse locis:
Dum foris est clarus, patriâ peregrinus habetur,
Ignorans linguæ prima elementa suæ.
Discutit hanc nubem tenebrosam sedulus Anglus:
Luce vetustatis, singula quæque micant.
Actor enim libri reserans ab origine prima
Quæ fuerit priscis Angla loquela viris:

* London, 1628, 4to.

PREFATORY NOTICE.

~~Ingeniat summum, summa cum laude, laborem,~~

Restituens patriæ patria verba suæ.

Sit tibi propterea (lector) gratissimus auctor:

Sitque in honore labor, sitque in amore liber.

We should have previously mentioned, that our poet's father, and elder brother Walter, were also authors. The former published in Latin, "Piæ Orationes;" "Ad Corragienum Decanum Epistolæ;" and three speeches in English, which he delivered as Speaker of the Irish House of Commons at the beginning of the Parliaments of the 3d and 4th of Philip and Mary, and 2d and 11th of Elizabeth. The latter translated, "Innocentius de contemptu Mundi."*

Dr Bliss,† in apologising for giving specimens of Stanyhurst's compositions, remarks, "The reader of these volumes will not, it is hoped, object to the introduction of the various extracts given from our old poets, as I have rarely suffered them to extend to any length, unless the volumes from which they are transcribed be of such rarity as to preclude the probability of their falling in the way of the general collector. Stanyhurst's Virgil is one of the many instances of the truth of what I advance, as I know that a copy was sold, not many weeks ago, for no less than *twenty guineas!* and it may be doubted

* Ryan's Worthies of Ireland, vol. ii. p. 365. Lon. 1821, 8vo.

† Wood's Athen. Oxon. vol. ii. p. 255.

whether the reader of these lives could procure one, even at that sum, if he were inclined to be the purchaser.*

Whether the rarity or intrinsic curiosity of the volume be considered, it is presumed that no apology is necessary for the present limited reprint, which puts it in the power of individuals who are interested in our ancient poets, of amusing themselves with the strange conceits of Stanyhurst. As, however, it seems the fashion to offer excuses for such resuscitations, we think ourselves sufficiently justified by merely referring to the opinion of our greatest living writer,† whose notice of the work first directed our attention to it.

In conclusion, the Editor begs to offer thanks to Dr Brunton, and the other Curators of the University Library, for their kindness in allowing him the use of the Drummond copy of Stanyhurst, which, so far as he can learn, is the only one known in Scotland.

J. M.

10, FORRES STREET,
August, 1836.

* At Horne Tooke's sale, an imperfect copy brought fifteen pounds.

† Southey. See *antea*, p. xv.

THE FIRST
FOVRE BOOKES
OF VIRGILS ÆNEIS,

Translated into English Heroicall Verse,
by RICHARD STANYHVRST:

*With other Poëticall deuises
thereto annexed.*



AT LONDON,
Imprinted by Henrie Bynneman
dwelling in Thames streete neare
vnto Baynardes Castell.

ANNO DOMINI,
1583.



TO THE RIGHT HO-
NOVRABLE MY VERY
LOVING BROTHER THE
LORDE BARON OF
DUNSBANYE.



WHAT deepe and rare pointes of hiddē secrets *Virgil* hath sealde vp in hys twelue bookes of *Aeneis*, maye easily appeare to such reaching wits, as bend their endeauours, to the vnfolding thereof; not only by g nibbling vpon the outwarde rime of a supposed historie, but also by groaping the pyth, that is shrind vp within the barke and bodie of so exquisit and singular a discourse. For whereas the chiefe praise of a wryter consisteth in the enterlacing of pleasure with profit: our author hath so wisely alayde the one with the other, as the shallow reader may be delighted with a smooth tale, and the diuing searcher may be aduantaged by sowning a pretious treatise. And certes this preheminiencie of writing is chieflie (if we respecte our old Latin Poets) to be affourded to *Virgil* in this worke, and to *Ouid* in his *Metamorphosis*. As for *Ennius*, *Horace*, *Iuuenal*, *Persius*, and the rablement of such cheate Poëts, their doings are, for fauour of antiquitie, rather to be patiently allowed, than highly regarded. Such leauings as were of *Ennius* his ragged verses are nothing currant, but sauour somewhat nappie of the spiggot, as one that was neuer accustomed to strike vp the drum, and to crie in blazing martial exploits, alarme, but when he were half tipsye, as

Horace recordeth. The other three, ouer this that their verses in camfering wise runne harsh and rough, perfourme nothing in matter, but biting quippes, taunting darkely certayne men of state, that liued in their age, besprinckling their *inuectiues* with some morall precepts, answerable to the capacitie of euery weake braine. But our *Virgil*, not content with such meigre stuffe, doth labour in tylling, as it were, a *Canterburie* tale, to ferret out the secretes of *Nature*, with wordes so fitly couchte, with verses so smoothly slickte, with sentences so featly ordred, with orations so neatly burnisht, with similitudes so aptly applyed, with eche *decorum* so duely obserued, as in truth he hath in right purchased to himselfe the name of a surpassing Poet, the fame of an odde oratour, and the admiration of a profound philosopher. Hauing therefore (my good lord) taken vpon mee to execute some parte of Maister *Askams* will, who, in his golden pāphlet, intituled the *Schoolemaister*, doth wish the Vniuersitie students to applie their wittes in beautifying our Englishe language with heroicall verses: I held no *Latinist* so fit, to giue the onset on as *Virgil* who for his perelesse stile, and machlesse stuffe, doth beare the pricke and price among all the Romane Poëts. Howbeit, I haue here halfe a gesse, that two sorts of carpers wil seeme to spurne at this mine enterprise. The one ytterly ignorant, the other meanely lettered. The ignorant wil imagine that the passage was nothing craggy, in as much as *M. Phaer* hath broken the ice before mee. The meaner clearkes wil suppose my trauaile in these heroicall verses to carrie no greate difficultie, in that it laye in my choice, to make what word I woulde, short or long, hauing no English writer before me in this kinde of poetrie, wyth whose squire I shoulde leauel my syllables. To shape therefore an aunswere to the first, I say, they are altogether in a wrong boxe: considering that suche wordes as fit *M. Phaer*, may be very vnapt for me, whiche they woulde confesse, if their skil were so much as spare, in these verses. Furthermore, I stād so nicely on my pantofles that way, as if I coulde, yet I would not run on the score with *M. Phaer*, or any other, by borrowing his termes in so copious and fluent a language as oure English tongue is. And in good sooth, althoughe the gentleman hath translated *Virgil* into Englishe rythme with such surpassing excellencie, as a very few (in my conceit) for pickte and loftie words can bound him, none, I am wel assured, ouergoe him: yet he hath rather doubled than defalckt ought of my paines, by reason that in conferring his translation with mine, I was forced, to weede out from my verses such choise wordes, as were forestalled by him: vnlesse they were so feeling, as others coulde not counternaile theyr signification: In which case it were no reason, to sequester my pen from their acquaintance, considering, that as *M. Phaer* was not the firste founder, so he may not be accounted the only owner of such termes. Truly I am so farre

from embeazling his trauailes, as that for the honour of the Englishe, I durst vndertake, to run ouer these bookes againe, and to giue them a new liuerie in such different wise, as they should not iet with *M. Phaers* badges, ne yet bee clad with this apparaile, wherewyth at this present they come foorth attyred. Whiche I speake not of vanitie, to enhaunce my cunning, but of meere veritie, to aduance the riches of our speech. Moreouer in some points of greatest price, where the matter, as it were, doth bleede, I was mooued to shunne *M. Phaers* interpretation, and cling more neere to the meaning of mine authour, in slicing the huske, and cracking the shell, to bestowe the kernell vpon the wittie and inquisitiue Reader. I coulde lay downe sundrie examples, were it not I shoulde be thought ouer curious, by prying out a pimple in a bent: but a few shall suffice. In the fourth booke, *Virgil* disciphning the force of *Mercurie* among other propertie wryteth thus:

Dat somnos adimitqve et lumina morte resignat.

M. Phaer doth English in this wise:

And sleepes therewith he giues and takes, and men from death defendes.

Mine interpretation is this:

He causeth sleeping and bars, by death eyelyd vphasping.

This is cleane contrarie to *M. Phaer*. He wryteth, that *Mercurie* defendeth from death; I write that it procureth death, whyche (vnder his correction) doth more annere to the Authour his minde, and to *Natures* working. For if *Mercurie* didde not slea before it did saue, and procured sleeping care it caused waking, *Nature* in hir operations woulde bee founderd, the fat were in the fire, the market were marred. To like effecte *Chaucer* bringeth, in the fift booke, *Troilus* thus mourning:

*Thee owle eeke, which that hight Ascaphylo,
Hath after mee shrighit al these nightes two:
And god Mercurye, now of mee woeful wreche
Thee soule gyde, and when thee list, it feche.*

Againe *Virgil* in diuerse places inuesteth *Iuno* with this epitheton, *Saturnia*: *M. Phaer* ouerpasseth it, as if it were an idle word shuffled in by the Authour to damme vp the

chappes of yawning verses. I neuer to my remembrance omitted it, as indeede a terme that carieth meate in his mouth, and so emphaticall, as the ouerslipping of it were in effect the choaking of the Poets discourse, in such hauking wise, as if he were throtled with the chinoughe. And to inculcate that clause the better, where the mariage is made in the fourth boke betwene *Dido* and *Aeneas*, I adde in my verse *Watry Iuno*, although mine author vsed not the epitheton, *Watrye*, but onely made mention of *earth*, *ayer*, and *fier*: yet I am well assured, that word throughly conceined of an hede-ful student may giue him such light, as maye ease him of sixe moneths trauaile: whyche were well spent, if that *Wadlocke* were wel vnderstoode. Thus *Virgil* in hys *Aeneis*, and *Ouid* in his *Metamorphosis* are so tickle in some places, as they rather craue a construction than a translation. But it may be here after (if God wil grace my proceedings) I shall be occasioned, in my *Fin Coulcidos*, to vnlace more of these mysteries. Whiche booke I muste be many yeares breeding: but if it be throughly effected, I stande in hope it wil fall out to be *gratum opus*, not *Agricolis*, but *Philosophis*.

Now to come to them that gesse my trauaile to bee easie, by reason of the libertie I had in English words (for as I cannot diuine vpon such bookes, that happily rouke in students mews, so I truste, I offer no man iniurie, if I assume to my self the maidenhead of all works, that haue bene before this time in print, to my knowlege, diuulged in this kind of verse) I wil not greatly wrangle with them therein: yet this much they are to consider, that as the first applying of a word may ease me in the first place, so perhaps, when I am occasioned to vse the selfe same worde elsewhere, I may bee as much hindered, as at the beginning I was furthered. For example: In the firste verse of *Virgil*, I make *season*, long, in another place it wil steede me percase more, if I made it short: and yet I am now tyed to vse it as long. So that the aduantage that way is not very great. But as for the generall facilitie, this much I dare warrant yong beginners, that when they shal haue some firme footing in this kinde of Poetrie, which by a little painefull exercise may be purchased, they shal finde as easie a veine in the English, as in the Latine verses, yea and much more easie than in the *English rithmes*. Touching mine owne triall, this muche I will discouer. The three firste bookes I translated by starts, as my leasure and pleasure would serue me. In the fourth booke I did taske my selfe, and pursued the matter somewhat hotely. *M. Phaer* tooke to the making of that booke fifteen dayes: I hudled vp mine in ten. Wherein I couet no praise, but rather doe craue pardon. For like as forelittering bitches whelp blinde puppies, so I may be perhaps intwighted of more haste than good speede, as Sir

Thomas Moore in like case gybeth at one that made vaunt of certaine pild verses clouted vp *extrumpere*.

Hos quid te scripsisse mones ex tempore versus ?
Nam liber hoc loquitur, te reticente, tuus.

But to leaue that to the verdict of others (wherein I craue the good liking of the courteous, and scorne the controulment of the currish, as those that vsually reprehend most, and yet can amend least) the oddes betweene *verse* and *rythme* is verry greates. For, in the one, euerie *foote*, euerie *words*, euerie *syllable*, yea, euerie *letter* is to be obserued: in the other the last *words* is onely to be heeded: as is verry liuely expressed by the *lawyer* in empanneling a *iurie*.

<i>Iohannes Doa :</i>	<i>Iohannes Den :</i>	<i>Iohannes Hye :</i>
<i>Richardus Roa :</i>	<i>Willielmus Fen :</i>	<i>Thomas Pye :</i>
<i>Iohannes Myles :</i>	<i>Willielmus Neile :</i>	<i>Richardus Leake :</i>
<i>Thomas Giles :</i>	<i>Iohannes Sneile :</i>	<i>Iohannes Peake.</i>

Happilye suche curious *markers*, as your Lordshippe is, wil accompt this but *rythme dogrel*: but we may sute it with a more ciuil word, by terming it, *rythme poete made*, it rolleth so roundly in the hearers eares. And are there not diuerse skawingers of draftie Poetrie in this oure age, that baste their papers with smeerie larde sanoring altogether of the frying pan? What *Tom Towly* is so simple, that wil not attempt to be a *rythmourer*. If your Lordship stand in doubt thereof, what thinks you of the *thickeskinne* that made this for a *farewel* for his *Mistresse* vpon his departure from *Abingtoune*?

Abingtoune, Abingtoune, God be with thee:
For thou haste a steeple like a dagger sheathe.

And an other in the praise, not of a steeple, but of a dagger.

When all is gone but the black scabbard,
Wel fare thee haft with thee duggeon dagger.

The third (for I will present your Lordship wyth a leshe) in the commendation of bacon.

Hee is not a king that weareth satten,
But hee is a king that eateth bacon.

Haue not these men made a faire speake? if they hadde putte in *Mightie Ioue*, and *Gods* in the plurall number, and *Venus* wyth *Cypde the blinde Boye*, al had beene in the nicke, the rythme had bin of a right stāp. For a few such stiches botch vp our new fashion makers. Prouided notwithstanding alwayes that *Artaxerxes*, albeit he be spurgallde, being so much galloped, bee placed in the dedicatorie epistle, receiuing a cuppe of water of a swaine, or else all is not worth a beane. Good God, what a frie of such *wooden rythmours* doth swarme in Stacioners shops, who neuer instructed in anie Grammar schoole, not attayning to the parings of the Latine or Greeke tongue, yet lyke blinde bayards rushe on forwarde, fostring their vaine conceits with such ouerweening sillie follies, as they recke not to bee condemned of the learned for ignorant, so they bee commended of the ignorant for learned. The readiest way therefore to flap these droanes from the sweete senting huiues of *Poetrye*, is for the learned to applie them selues wholly (if they bee delighted with that veine) to the true making of verses in suche wise as the *Greekes* and *Latines*, the fathers of knowledge haue done; and to leaue to these doltishe coistrels their rude rythming and balducketome ballads. To the stirring therefore of the ryper, and the encouraging of the yonger gentlemene of our *Vniuersities*, I haue taken some paines that waye, which I thought good to beetake to youre Lordships patronage, beeing of it selfe otherwise so tender, as happly it might scant endure the tippe of a frumping fillipp. And thus omitting all other *ceremoniall complementoes* betweene your Lordshippe and

me, I committe you and youre proceedings to the
garding and guyding of the Almightye.

From *Leiden* in *Holland*, the

laste of Iune, 1582.

(*.*)

Your Lordships louing brother,

Richard Stanyhurst.



TO THE LEARNED READER.



IN the observation of quantities of syllables, some haply will be so stily tyed to the ordinances of the Latines, as what shall seeme to swarue frō their maxims, they wil not stick to score vp for errors. In whiche resolution, such curious *Priscianists* do attribute greater prerogative to the Latine tongue, than reason wil afford, and lesse libertie to our language, than nature may permit. For in as much as the Latines haue not bene authors of these verses, but traced in the steppes of the Greekes, why should we with the strings of the Latine rules crampe our tongue, more than the Latines do fetter their speech, as it were, with the chaines of the Greeke precepts? Also that nature wil not permit vs to fashion our wordes in all points correspondent to the Latinistes, maye easily appeare in such termes as we borrow of them. For example: The first of, *Breuite*, is short, the first of, *briefly*, with vs must be long. Likewise, *sonans*, is short, yet, *sowning*, in English must be long; and much more if it were, *Sounding*, as the ignorant generally, but falsly do write, nay, that whereat I wonder more, the learned trippe their pennes at this stone, in so much as *M. Phaer* in the very firste verse of Virgil mistaketh the worde. Yet *sounde* and *sowne* differ as much in Englishe, as *solidus* and *sonus* in Latine. Also in the midst of a worde wee differ sometimes from the Romanes. As in Latine we pronounce *Orātor*, *Auditor*, *Magister*, long: in English, *Oratour*, *Auditoure*, *Magistrat*, short. Likewise wee pronounce *Præparo*, *Comparo*, short in Latine, and *prepared* and *compared*, long in English. Againe, the infalliblest rule that the Latines haue for the quantitie of middle syllables is this. *Penultima acuta producitur, ut virtūtis; penultima grauata corripitur, ut sanguinis.* *Honoure* in Englishe, is shorte, as wyth the Latines: yet *dishonour* must be long by the former maxime: which is contrarie to an other ground of the Latines, whereby they prescribe that the *primatiue* and *deriuatiue*, the *simple* and *compound* be of one quantitie. But that rule of al others must be abandoned from the English, otherwise all wordes in effecte shoulde be abridged. *Moother*, I make long. Yet *grandmother* must be short.

Buckler is long, yet *swashbuckler* is short. And albeit that worde be long by *position*, yet doubtlesse the naturall dialect of English wil not allowe of that rule in middle syllables, but it must be of force with vs excepted, where the natural pronuntiation wil so haue it. For otherwise we should banish a number of good and necessary words from our verses, as *M. G. Haruey* (if I mistake not the gentlemā's name) hath very wel obserued in one of his familiar letters: where he layeth down diuers words straying frō the Latine precepts, as *Maiestie, Royaltie, honestie, &c.* And soothly, to my seeming, if the coniunction *And*, were made common in English, it were not amisse, although it bee long by *position*: For the Romanes are greatly aduantaged by their wordes, *Et, Que, Quoque, Atque*: which were the disioincted from the Latine poëtrie, manye good verses woulde be raueld and dismembred, that nowe carrye a good grace among them, hauing their ioints knit with these copulatiue sinnewes. But to rippe vp further the peculiar proprietie of our English, let vs listen to *Tullies* iudgment, wherein though he seeme verye peremptorie, yet, wyth his fauour he misseth the cushion. Thus in his booke, intituled *Orator*, he writeth, *Ipsa natura, quasi modularetur hominum orationem, in omni verbo posuit acutam vocem, nec una plus, nec à postrema syllaba citra tertiam.* In this saying *Tullie* obserueth three points. Firste, that by course of *Nature* euery word hath an *accent*. Nexte, one onely: lastly, that the saide *accent* must be on the laste syllable, as *propè*, or on the last sauing one, as *Virtûtis*, or at the furthest, on the thirde syllable, as *Omnipotens*. Yet this rule taketh no such infallible effect with vs, although *Tullie* maketh it naturall, who by the skill of the Greeke and Latine did aime at other languages to him vnknownen, and therefore is to be borne withall. As, *Peremptorie*, is a worde of foure syllables, and yet the *accent* is in the firste. So *Sécondarie, érdinarie, Mátrimonie, Pátrimonie, Plánetarie, impératiue, Cós-mographie, órtographie*, with many like. For althoughe the ignorant pronounce, *Impératiue, Cosmógraphie, Órtographie*, giuing the *accent* to the thirde syllable, yet that is not the true English pronuntiation. Nowe put case the cantel of the Latine verse (*Sapiens dominabitur astris*) were thus Englished: *Planetarie workings thee wisemans vertue represseth*: albeit the middle of *planeta* be long with the Romanes, yet I woulde not make it scrupulous, to shorten it in English, by reason the natural pronuntiation would haue it so. For the finall ende of a verse is to please the eare, whych must needes be the vmpire of the word, and according to that waight our syllables muste bee poysed. Wherefore, sith the *Poetes* themselues adnoche, *Tu nihil inuita facies, dicene Minerva.* That nothing may bee done or spoken against nature, and that *Arte* is also bounde to shape it selfe by al imitation to *Nature*: wee muste requeste these *grammaticall Prescriptions*, that as euery countrey hath his peculiar lawe, so they permit euery language to vse his particu-

lar lore. For my parte I purpose not to beate on euery childish tittle, that concerneth *Prosodia*, neither do I vndertake to chalke out any lines or rules to others, but to lay downe to the reader his view the course I tooke in this my trauell. Such words as proceede from the Latine, and be not altered by our Englishe, in them I obserue the quantitie of the Latine. As *Honest, Honour*: a fewe I excepted, as the firste of *appeared, auenture, aproched* I make short, although they are long in Latine: as *Appareo, Aduenio, Appropinquo*: for which, and percase a few such words I must craue pardon of the carterous Reader. For otherwise it were like ynough that some *grammaticall pullet*, hatcht in *Dispaters* sachell, would stand clocking against me, as though he had founde an horse nest, in laying that down for a fault, that perhaps I do know better thā he. Yet in these *deriuations* of terms I would not be domde by euery reaching heralt, that in reaming wise wil attēpt to fetch their petiste degree of wordes, I know not from what amceteur. As I make the first of *Riuier* short. A wrangler may imagin it should be long, by reason of *Riuus*, of which it seemeth to bee deriued. And yet forsooth *riuus* is but a *bracke*, and not a *riuier*. Likewise some English words may be read in some places long, in some short, as *shyesourde, seaiuard, searewome*. The difference therof groweth because they are but compeund words that may be with good sense sunderd: and the last of *Sea* and *skie* being common breedeth that diuersitie. Also the selfe same word may varie because of the signification. The firste of *Feloe* for a *theefe* I make long, but when it signifieth the disease, so named, I holde it better to make it short. Againe a word that is short being diuided, may be long, in an other place contracted. As the first of *Lesues*, if you diuide in two syllables, I make short, if you contract it to one syllable, I make it long. So the firste in *Crawling* is long, and the third person of the Verb, to wit, *Craues*, maye seeme short, where the next word following beginneth wyth a vocal, yet it is long by contraction: and so diuerse like wordes are to be taken. And truly such nice obseruations that *grammarians* do prescribe, are not by the choisest Poets alwayes so precisely put in execution: as in this oure authour I haue by the way marked. In the fore front of the firste booke hee maketh the firste of *Lauinum* long. In the same booke hee vseth it for short. Likewise doth he varie the firste of *Sichæus*. So in the third booke the middest of *Cyclopes* sometime is made long, sometime short. And in the same booke the Coniunction, *Que*, is long, as,

Liminaque laurusque Dei totusque moueri.

And in the fourth:

Cretésque Driopesque ferunt, pictique Agathyrsi:

Also the first of *Italia* is long: yet in the third booke *Italus* is short, as,

Has autem terras, Italique hanc littoris oram.

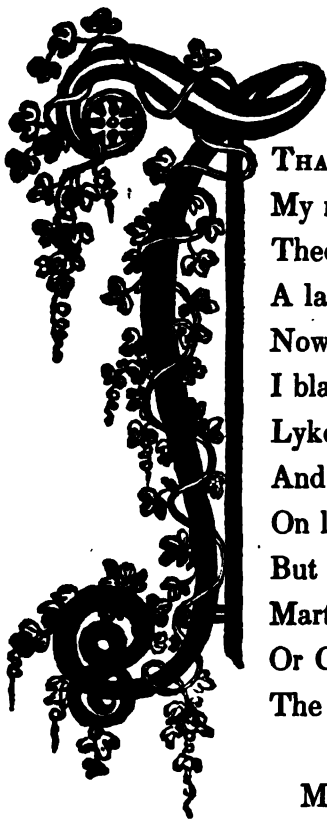
Touching the *termination* of syllables, I made a *prosodia* to my selfe squaring somewhat from the Latine: in this wise.

A finita communia, B.D.T. Breuia: yet these wordes that end like diphthongs are common: as *mouth, south, &c.* C common, E common: if it be short, I write it vsually with a single E, as *the, me*: if long, with two, as *thee, mee*: although I would not wishe the quantitie of syllables to depend so much vpon the gaze of the eye, as the censure of the eare. F. *breuia*: G. *breuia*: sometyme long by *position* where D may be interserted, as *passage* is shorte; but if you make it long, *passadge* with D woulde be written; albeit, as I saide right nowe, the eare, not ortographie muste decide the quantitie, as neare as is possible. I common, K commō, L *breuia, præter Hebræa, vt Michaël, Gabriel.* N *breuia*: yet wordes ending in diphthong-wise would be common, as *plaine, fayne, swaine.* O common, *præter ô longum.* P *Breu.* R *Breu.* Except wordes ending like diphthongs that maye bee common, as *youre, oure, houre, soure, succour, &c.* As and Es common. Is *breu.* Os common. Vs *breu.* V common. As for M, it is either long by *position*, or else clipped, if the nexte worde beginne with a vocall: as *fame, name*; for albeit E be the last letter, that must not salue M from accurtation, because in the eare M is the last letter, and E doth naught else but lengthen and mollifie the pronuntiation. As for I. Y. W. in as much as they are mongrels, somtimes consonants, sometime vocals, where they further, I doe not reiecte them, where they hinder, I doe not greatelye weigh them. As the middle of *folowing* I make shorte, notwithstanding the W: and likewise the first of *power*. But where a consonant immediately followeth the W, I make it alwayes long, as *fowling*. Thus much I thought good to acquaint the gentle Reader wythall, rather to discouer with what priuate precepts I haue embayed my verses, than to publishe a *directorie* to the learned, who in their trauailes may franckly vse their owne discretion, wythout my direction.



The Firſte Booke of Virgil

his Aeneis.



THAT in old ſeaſon wyth reeds oten harmonye whiftled
My rural ſonnet; from forreſt flitted (I) forced
Thee fulcking ſwincker thee foile, though craggie, to funder.
A labor and a trauaile too plowfwains hartily welcoom.
Now manhod and garboils I chaüt, and martial horror.
I blaze thee captayne firſt from Troy cittie repairing,
Lyke wandring pilgrim to famoſed Italie trudging,
And coaſt of Lauyn: fouſt wyth tempeſtuus hurlwynd,
On land and ſayling, by gods predeſtinate order:
But chiefe through Iunoes long foſtred deadlye reuengment.
Martyred in battayls, ere towne could ſtately be buylded,
Or Gods there ſetled: thence flitted thee Latine offspring.
The roote of old Alban: thence was Rome peereles inhaunced.

My muſe, ſhew the reaſon what grudge or what furie kindled
Of gods the princeſſe, through ſo curſ'd miſcheuus hatred,
Wyth ſharpe fundrye perils too tugge ſo famus a captaine.
Such feſtred rancoure doo ſayncts celeſtial harbour?

A long buylt citty there flood, Carthago so named,
 From the mouth of Tybris, from land eke of Italie seauer'd,
 Poffest wyth Tyrians, in strength and riches abounding,
 There ~~Iuno the~~ princes her empyre wholy reposed,
 Her Samos outcasting, heere shee did hir armorie fettle,
 And warlick chariots, heere cheefly hir ioylitie raigned.
 This towne shee labored to make the gorgous empreffe,
 Of towns and regions, hir drift if destinie furthred.
 But this her whole meaning a southfayd mysterie letted,
 That from thee Troians should braunch a lineal offspring,
 Which would thee Tyrian turrets quite batter a sunder,
 And Libye land likewise with warlick victorie conquoure.
 Thus, loe, bye continuance thee naues of fortun ar altred!
 This Iuno fearing, and old broyls bluddye recounting,
 Uf'd by her Greeke fauorits, that Troian citty repressed,
 Her rancour canckred shee cannot let to remember,
 And Paris his scorning iudgement doeth burne in her entrayls.
 Shee pouts, that Ganymed by loue too skytop is hoyfed.
 Shee bears that kinred, that sept vmerciful hatred.
 With these coals kindled shee fought al possible engins
 In furing billows too touze thee company Troian.
 Al the frush and leauings of Greeks of wrathful Achilles.
 Through this wide roaming thee Troians Italie missing.
 Ful manye years wandred, stil croft with destenye backward.
 Such trauel in planting thee Romans auncetrye claymed.

T'ward Sicil isle scantly thee Troian nauye did enter,
 And the sea falte foaming wyth braue flantadoe dyd harrow,

When that Iuno Goddeffe thee fuid muft deadlye reuoluing
Thus to hir felfe mumbled: ſhal I leaue my purpoſe vnaunſwerd?
Or ſhal I this Troian to ſeize thus on Italye ſuffer?
Forfooth I ſtand letted by fates and clarklye recounted.
As though that Pallas could not bee fullye reuenged,
Thee Greek fleete ſcorching, the Greekiſh compaſſy drowning:
And for one his faulty practiſe, for madneſſe of Aiax?
This Queene wild lightnings from cloudes of Iuppiter hurling
Downe ſwaſht their nauy, thee ſwelling ſurges vphaliding.
The pacient panting ſhee thumpt and launſt with a fyrebolt,
And withal his carcaſſe on rockiſh pinnacle hanged.
And ſhal I then Iuno, of Saincts al the Princes abyding,
Both the wiſe and ſiſter to peereleſſe Iuppiter holden,
In ſo great a ſeaſon wyth one od pild countrie be warring
If this geare cotten, what wight wyl yeelde to mine aulters
Bright honor and Sacrifice, with rites my perſon adoring?
Thus ſhe frying fretted, thus deeply plunged in anger,
Æolian kingdome ſhee raught; where bluſterus huzzing
Of wynds in priſon thee great king Æolus hamprereth.
Theſe flaws theyr cabbans wyth ſtur ſnar iarrye doe ranſack,
Greedilye defying too rang: king Æolus, highly
In caſtel ſetled, theyr ſtrief dooth paciſie wiſely.
But for this managing, a great hurly burlye the wyndblaſts
Would keepe on al maine ſeas and lands with woonderus humbling.
Thee father almighty this miſchiefe warilye doubting,
Mew'd vp theſe reuelers coupt in ſtrong dungeon hilliſh,
And a king he placed, through whoſe Maieſtical Emphyre
Theſe blaſts rouze forward, or back by his regal apointment.
Too this princelye regent her ſuit ladie Iuno thus op'ned.

B

Æolus (in so much as of mankind the Emperour heau'nlye
 And father of thee Gods too thee the auctoritye signed
 Too swage seas furing, or raife by blusterus huffing)
 Thee water of Tyrrhen my foes wyth nauye doe trauerse:
 Troy towne with tam'd gods too land ek of Italy bringing.
 Yeeld to the wynds passadge, duck downe their fleete with a tempest,
 Or ships wyde scatter, wyth flouds that companye swallow.
 Nymphs do I keepe fourteene for peerelesse bewtie renowned,
 Of theese thee paragon, for fayrnesse, Däiöpeia
 Too thee in fast wedlock wil I knit, thye wife onlye remayning,
 Thy pheere most faythful through endles season abyding,
 Thee father of fayre brats, for this thy curtesye, making.

This labor is needelesse (deere Queene) king Æolus aunfwer'd.
 Thy mynd to accöplish my bounden duetye requireth.
 For my mace and kingdome through thy fast freendship I gained.
 Through thy freendlie trauaile mee dooth king Iuppiter algats
 Tender: by thye labour wyth Gods at banquet I solace.
 Thow madst me in tempest and blusturs loftelie ruling.
 This sayd: with poincted flatchet thee mountan he broached:
 Rush do the winds forward through per'ft chinck narrolie whizling;
 Thee land turmoyling with blast and terribil huzzing.
 They skud too the seaward, from deepe profunditie raking
 Too the skie thee surges, the east west contrarie doe struggle
 And southwind ruffling: on coast thee chau'ft floud is hurled.
 Crafh do the rent tacklings; thee men raife an horribil owcrie.
 The clouds snatch gloomming from sight of coompanye Troian
 Both Light and welkin: thee night dooth shaddow the passadge.

Thee skies doo thunder, thee lightnings rieflye doe flush flash,
 Nought breeds them coomfort, eache thing mortalitie threatneth.
 Æneas (his lims with sharp cold chillye benumbed)
 Dooth groane, then to skyward his clasp hands heauilye lifting,
 Thus spake: O Troians, ô thrife most nobil or happy
 That before eu'ne the parents with bickring martial ended
 Your liues at townewals: of Greekes ô woorthie the strongest
 Stout Diomed: bye the fields of Troy what fortun unhappie
 Mee fenst from falling with thy fierce slaughterus handstroke.
 Wheare lies strong Hector slaughtred by manful Achilles.
 Wheare stout Sarpedon dooth rest, where gauntlet or helmet
 In water of Simois, with fold'ours carcases harbours.
 This kyrre sad folking, thee northren bluster aproching
 Thee sayls tears tag rag, to the skie thee waues vphoyfing.
 The oars are cleene splintred, the helme is from ruther vnhafterd,
 Their ships too larboord doo nod, seas monsterus haunt them.
 In tips of billows soom ships with danger ar hanging.
 Soom finck too bottoms, fulcking thee farges afunder:
 Thee sands are mounted: thee southwynd merciles eager
 Three gallant vessels on rocks gnawne craggie repofed.
 (These rancks the Italian dwellers doo nominat altars)
 Likewise three vessels the east blast ful mightily whelmed
 In sands quick fouping (a fight to be deeply bewayled)
 One ship that Lycius did throwd with faithful Orontes
 In fight of captayne was swasht with a royfterus heapefloud.
 Downe the pilot tumbleth with plash round summoned headlong,
 Thrife the grauel thumping in whirlpoole plunged, is hoouel'd:
 Soom wights vpfloating on raif'd sea with armor apeered.
 In foame froth pictur's, with Troian treasur ar vpborne.

Alfo where Illionus was shipt, where manful Achates
 And what vefsel Abas poffest and aged Alethes
 Were bulcht by billows and boarde by forcible entrie:
 Thee storme did conquere, thee ships scant weakly refitted.

Theefe vnruelye reuels, and rif rafs wholye difordred,
 As broyl vnexpected, thee sea king Neptun awaked.
 Stur'd with theefe motions, his pleasing pallet vpheauing
 Hee noted Æneas his touzd toft nauie to wander,
 And fees thee Troians with feas and rayne water heaped,
 This fpightful pageaunt of his owne fyb Iuno remembring,
 Thee wynds he fummon'd, and wroth woords ftately thus vfed.

What firs? your boldneffe dooth your gentilitie warrant?
 Dare ye loe curft baretours, in this my Seignorie regal,
 Too raife fuch raks iacks on feas, and danger vnorder'd?
 Wel firs: but tempest I wil firft pacifie raging.
 Bee fure, this practife wil I nick in a freendly memento.
 Pack hence doggie rakhels, tel your king, from me, this errand.
 Of feas thee managing was neauer alotted his empire.
 That charge mee toucheth: but he maystreth monfterus hildens,
 Your kennels, good fyrs: let your king Æolus hautye
 Execut his ruling in your deepe dungeon hardly.

Thus fayd, at a twinckling thee swelling furges he calmed
 Thee clouds he scatter'd, and cleere beams funnie recalled.
 Cymothöe and Triton on fteepe rock fetled ar haling
 Thee ships from danger: with forck king Neptun is ayding.
 Hee balcks thee quickfands, and flouds dooth mollifie sweetly.

Hee glyds on seafroth, with wheeles of gould wagon, easie.
In midft of the pepil much like to a mutenye rayfed,
Where barcks like bandogs thee rafkal multitud angry,
Now floans and fyrebrands flundge owt, furie weapon awardeth:
In this blooddie riot they foom grauet haplye beholding
Of geafon pietee, doo throng and greedelye liften.
Hee tames with fugred speeches their boyfterus anger.
In likewife Neptun thee God no fooner apeered
In coche: when billows their fwelling ranckor abated.
Thee weather hackt Troians to the next shoare speedily poffing
On Libye coaft lighted: where they their nauie repofed.

Theare ftands far ftretching a nouke vplandifh: an Ifland
There feat, with crabknob fkrude floans hath framed an hauen.
This creeke with running paffadge thee channel inhaunteth.
Heere doe lye wide fcatter'd and there cliues loftily fteaming,
And a brace of menacing rag'd rocks fkymounted abideth.
Under hauing cabbans, where feas doo flitter in arches.
With woods and thickets clofe coucht they be clothed al vpward.
A cel or a cabban by nature formed, is vnder,
Frefhe bubling fountayns and floanfeats carued ar inward:
Of Nymphes thee Nunry, where fea toft nauie remayning
Needs not too grapple thee fands with flooke of an anchor.
Hither hath Æneas with feau'n fhips gladly repaired.
On fands from veffels dooth fkippe thee companie cheereful,
Pruning their bodies, that feas erft terribil harmed.
Firft on flint fmiting foom fparcklinges fprinckled Achates,
In fponck or tinder thee quick fyre he kindly receaued.
With fprigs dry wythered thee flame was nourrifhed aptly

Foorth do they lay vittayls, with stormye diffeasoned heauy.
 Theyr corne in quernstones they doe grind and toste yt on embers.
 In the while Æneas too rock crept loftie, beholding
 In the sea far stretching if that knight Antheus haplie
 Were frusht, or remanent of Troian nauie wer hulling:
 Or Capis, or the armours high picht of manlye Caïcus.
 No ships thence he scried, but three stags sturdie wer vnder,
 Neere the seacoast gating, theým flot thee clusterus heerd flock
 In greene frith browfing: stil he stands and snatcheth his arrows
 And bow bent sharply, from kind and faithful Achates:
 Chiefe stags vpbearing croches high from the antlier hauted
 On trees strongly fraying, with shaft hee stab'd to the noombles
 Through fels and trenches thee chafe thee coompanie tracked,
 Their blades they brandisht, and keene prages goared in entrayls,
 Of stags seu'n mighty, with ships thee number is eeu'ned.
 With this good venery to the road thee captayn aproched,
 And to his companions thee kild stags equalye sorted.
 With wine their venifon was fwyld, that Nobil Acestes
 In shore Trinacrian bestow'd with liberal offer.
 Theese pipes Æneas then among thee coompany broched,
 And with theese speeches their myndes thus he cherrished hautlye.

O deere companions (for we erst haue tasted of hardnes)
 Brawn'd with woorse vêturs, thee mighty God also shal eend this.
 Through Scylla hir raging wyldfrets and rumbolo ruffling
 On peeres you sayled, through Cyclops dangerus belcaue.
 On with a fresh curradge, and bace thoughts fearful abandon,
 Of peril escaped much shall the vearie remembraunce
 Tickle vs in telling: through such sharp changeable hazards

And doubtfull dangers, our course t'ward Italie bending,
Wee must rush forward: our feat theare destinie pitcheth,
Theare must thee kingdoome with Troian fame be reuiued.
Stand ye to your tacklings: and wayt for prosperus eendings.

Thus did he speake manly, with great cares heauily loaden,
His grief deepe squatting hoap he yeelds with phisnomie cheereful.
They doe plye their commons, like quicke and greedie repastours
Thee flags vpbreaking they flit to the dulcet or inchpyn.
Soom doe slipe owt collops on spits yeet quirilye trembling,
Soom doe set on caldrons, oothers dooe kyndel a bauen.
With food they summon'd theyr force: and coucht in a meddow
Theyre panch with venison they franck and quaffye caroufing,
When famin had parted, the tabils eeke wholye remooued,
They their lost feloes with long talk greedie required.
With feare good coomfort mingling: if so haply they liued,
Or that their liues thee tempest bitter had eended.
But chiefly Æneas did wayle for manful Orontes,
And for knight Amicus, thee fates ek al heauie reuoluing
Of Lycus and of sturdie Gyan, with woorthie Cloanthus.

Now the ende neere stretched; from feat when Iuppiter heu'nly
Thee seas, thee regions and eeche place worldlye beholding,
On Lybey land lastly fixt his celestial eyefight.
And thus as he mused, with tears Venus heauie beblubber'd
Preft foorth in prefence, and whimpring framed her errand.

O God most pufiaunt, whose mightie auctoritie lasting
Ruls gods, and mankind skareth with thunderus humbling:

What syn hath Æneas, my brat, committed agáinst the?
 What doe the poore Troians? who with fel boucherye slaughter'd
 For bending passadge to the promised Italie, therefore
 No worldly corner can them securitie warrant.
 You to me ful promise, eare that yeers fundrie wer eended,
 That Roman family should spring from the auncetrie Troian,
 By whom thee worldly coompass should wholye be ruled.
 Wherefor (mightie father) what dooth thy phansie thus alter?
 I tooke soom coomfort, when Troy was latelie represt,
 With futur hap coomming, past fortun vnhappie requiting.
 And yeet theese wretched vagabunds hard destinie scourgeth.
 When shal (Prince pufiant) theese dangers dryrye be cancel'd?
 Antenor was habil, from Grekish coompany flincking,
 Too passe through Greceland faulfly to Lyburnical empyre.
 Also to thee fountayn welspring of woorthie Timaus.
 Where through nine channels with mountains murmerus hurring
 Rough the sea flowes forward, thee land with snarnoife enhaüting.
 Heere notwithstanding this founder builded a cittie,
 That Padua is cleaped, too linnadge Troian allotted.
 And arms of Troy towne bearing: there he faulstie doth harbour.
 Wee that ar of kinred too the, and hast shrin'd in Olympus,
 Our ships are whelmed through ones implacabil anger.
 (A pitiful reckning) we ar touz'd, and from Italie feazed.
 Is this your daughters ritch dowrie? her stablised empire?

Thee Prince of mankind, father of Gods, merily simpring,
 Lik when he thee tempest with cheereful phisnomie calmeth,
 Buft his prettie parat prating, and mildly thus aunswer'd.

Feare ye not (ô darling) on thy fide destinie runneth.
 Thee Roman townwals thow shalt see loftily raifed,
 And thy son Æneas his glitt'ring glorie to luster.
 This much I determin, my mind no partie shal alter,
 Thy child Æneas (for fith such care the doth anguish,
 Thee fates close coouer'd I wil to the plainly fet open)
 Thy son, I say, valiant shal foster in Italie garboils,
 Strong and sturdie pepil with wars and victorie trampling.
 Theare shal he build citties, and theare lawes ciuil enaëting,
 Until three summers shal coompas his hudge Lauin empire:
 And, the Rutils conquer'd, three winters stormie be gliding.
 But thy son Ascanius, which is eeke furnamed Iulus,
 (Iulus he was termed, whilst stood the great Ilian empire)
 Hee shal bee the regent vntil yeers thirtie be flitted,
 From the Lauin kingdome the state and thee chieftly remoouing:
 And with thick bulwarck shal he fence thee rampired Alba.
 Heere thre hundred winters shal raigne knight Hector his offspring
 By Mars fiery father'd twins til the Queene Ilia gender;
 Romulus in Forrest of wolues dugge nourished eager
 Shal take thee regiment, and towne wals stately shal vpraise
 Of Rome, the Romans of his owne name, Romulus, highting.
 This rule thus fixed no time shal limit or hazard:
 Endles I do graunt it: nay further Iuno fel harted,
 Thee seas, thee regions; thee skies so spightfully moyling,
 Shal cut of al quarrels, and with mee newly shal enter
 In league with Romans, and gownedept charily tender.
 Theese thus are establisht. Theare shal cum a season hereafter,
 When thee said family shal crush Greeks fegnorie throughly.

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Thee Troian Cæsar ſhal ſpire fro this auncetrie regal,
 His rule too Garamants, too ſtars his glorye rebounding,
 Iulius of valerus princely furnamed Iulus.
 Thow ſalt him ſettle, with his eaſt ſpoys fraughted, in heu'nſeat,
 Whom with relligious good vows ſhal magnifie diuerſe.
 Thee world ſhal be quiet, then ſhal broyls bluddie be finniſht.
 Then playne ſound dealing with laws of woorthie Quirinus
 And Remus his broother, thee Roman cittie ſhal order.
 Thee gates of warfare wyl then bee mannacled hardly
 With ſteele bunch chaine knob, cling'd, knur'd, and narrowly lincked.
 Heere within al ſtorming ſhal Mars bee ſettled on armour
 With braffe knots hundred crumpled; with ſweld furor haggish,
 Lyke bandog grinning, with gnaſh tuſk greedily ſnarring.

Thus ſaid: he fourth poſted (by May borne) Mercurie downeward
 That new buylt Carthage ſhould houſe thee Troian aſemblye.
 Hee flitters ſwiftly with wynges ful fledgye beplumed
 On Libye land ſeizing: ther he ſoone perfourmeth his erraund.
 Thee Moors are ſweetned by Gods forwarned apoinctement,
 But chief of al Dido, thee Queene, was wrought to the Troians.

But the good Æneas in night with care great awaked
 With Phœbus riſing up got too ferret al vncooth
 Nouks of ſtrang country, in what coaſt his nauie doth harbour?
 If men, or if ſauadge wyld beaſtes ther in onlye doe paſture.
 For ther he no tilladge dyd find: thus was he reſolued.
 And what he diſcouer'd, too tel too the coompanye flatly.
 His ſhips hee kennel'd neere forreſt vnder an angle
 Of rocke deepe dented, ſhaded with thickeleaued arbours.

Hee waleks on priuat with none but faythful Achates
 Darts two foorth bringing with sharp steele forcibil headed.
 In the myd of forrest as he gads, his moother aprocheth,
 In weed eke in visage like a Spartan virgin in armour
 Or like to Herpalicee, swift Queene, steeds strong ouerambling,
 Which doth in hir running surpas thee swift fload of Hebrus.
 She bare on her shoulders her bow bent aptly like huntresse;
 Downe to the wynd tracing trayl'd her discheauled hearlock;
 Tuckt to the knee naked: thus first shee forged her errand.
 Ho first! perceyu'd you foom mayden coompany stragling,
 Of my deere fifters with quiuer closely begyrded
 Rearing with shoutcry foom boare, foom fanglier ougly?
 So Venus: and to Venus thee foon thus turned his aunswer.

We hard of no shewing, too fight no fifter apeared.
 O to thee, fayre Uirgin, what terme may rightly be fitted?
 Thy tongue, thy visadge no mortal frayltie resembleth.
 Th'art no doubt, a Godeffe, too Phœbus fifter, or arcted
 Too Nymphs in kynred: to the lasting glorie be graunted!
 Smooth this craggye trauayl: tel what celestial harbour
 Coompaseth our persons: these men, this countrie we know not.
 Us to this od corner thee wynd tempestuus hurled.
 This fift shal sacrifice great flocks on thy sacred altars.

Then Venus: I daigne not my selfe woorth futch honour heu'nly.
 Of Tyrian virgins too weare thus a quiuer is used.
 And to go thus thynly with wrapt vp purpil atyred.
 Thow feest large Affrick, thee Moores, and Towne of Agenor,
 Thee Libye land marckmears: a country manful in armoure.

In this coast Dido, from her broother flitted, is empreffe.
 Tediſ in telling and long were the iniurye total:
 Chief poyncts I purpoſe too touche with ſummarye ſhortneſſe.
 Her ſpouſe Sichæus was nam'd too no man vnequal
 In lands, her dandling with feruent paſſion hoatly.
 Her father in wedlock took to hym this virgin vnharmed.
 But then her owne broother was by right ſetled in empyre,
 Pygmalion named; thee ſinck and puddil of hateful
 And furioſe cutthrots; hee murdreth ſelly Sichæus,
 With Gould looue blynded iump at thee conſecrat altars,
 Of fiſters freendſhip reckning; thee murther he whuſted,
 His Syb in her mourning with long coyn'd forgerye feeding.
 But loa, the proper image of corps vntumbd apeered
 In dreame too Dido; with pale wan phifnomye ſtaring.
 His breſt he vncloafed, thee wound, and bluddiful altars.
 Thence to flit hee wyl'd her, not long in country remaying,
 T'ward her coſtly viadge his wife to hyd treaſur he poincted,
 Where the vnknowne ingots of Gould and filuer abounded.
 Dido ſo wel furniſht too flee with companye poſteth.
 Such folk as the tyrant purſude with vengeabil hatred,
 Or fear'd his regiment in thronging cluſter aſembled.
 They ſnatch ſuch veſſels that then were rig'd to be ſayling.
 Pigmalion's riches was ſhipt, that pinchepeny butcher!
 And of this valiant attempt a womman is authreſſe.
 Theare they were enſhoared, wheare thou ſhalt ſhortly ſe townwals,
 And citty vpſoaring of new Carthago to ſkytoppe.
 Thee plat they purchaſt, that place firſt Byrſa they cleaped,
 And ſo much as a bulhyde could coompaſ craftily getting.
 But ſyrs whence coom you? what wights? or too what abiding

Countrye do you purpose too paffe? Thee capten amazed,
And fobs deepe fetching, with fight full fadlye thus aunfwer'd.

O gay Godeffe lustringe yf I made to the largelye recital,
Or that of oure troubles you would to the summarye listen,
Thee night thee sunbeams would throwd in clasped Olympus.
Wee coom from Troy town (of Troy feat yf haplye the rumoure
Youre ears hath tickled) late a tempest boyfterus haggard
Oure ships to Libye land with rough extremitie tilted.
I am kind Æneas, from foes thee snatcher of housgods
Stow'd in my vessels: in skyes my glorye doth harbour.
Land I seek Italian: from Ioue my pettegrye buddeth.
I made from Troy town with vessels twentye to seaward,
My dam mightye Goddeffe gyding, I my destenye tracked.
Rackt with foure blustring feau'n ships are scantlye recouer'd.
I lyke a poore pilgrim through desert angle of Affrick
Wander, thrust from Asian regions and fortunat Europ.

Heere Venus embarring his tale thus sweetlye replied.
What wight th'art, doubtlesse thee gods al greatlye doe tender
Thy state, neere Tyrian citty so lucklye to iumble.
Hence take thy passadge, to the Queenes court princelye be trudging.
Theare thy coompanions with battred nauye be landed,
With flaws crusht ruffling, with north blast canuafed hurring.
Thus stand thy recknings, vnlesse me myne augurye fayleth.
Marck loa, fe wel yoonder fwans twelue in coompany fluffhing,
And the skytop pereing, enchaft with a murtherus eagle,
Swift doe fle too landward, on ground al prest to be feazed.
As theese birds feazed, their wyngs with iolitye flapping,

Sweepe the fkye, with gladnes their creaking harmonye gagling,
 Eu'n fo thye companions, er now with faulftye be fhoared,
 Or, voyd of al danger, their fhips are grappled at anchor.
 Speedelye bee packing, keep on hardly the playn beaten highway.

This fayd fhee turned with rofe color heau'nlye beglittred.
 Her locks like Nectar perfumes fweete melloe relinquifht.
 Her trayne fyde flagging like wide fspread canapye trayled.
 Her whifk fhew'd Deity, hee finding his moother, in anger
 Chauffing; thee fugitiue with thefe woords fharpelye reprooued.

What do ye meane (mother) with an elf fhow, vainlye thus often
 Your foon to iuggle? Why our hands both clafpe we not hardly?
 Why do we not plainely good fpeeches mutual vtter?
 T'ward citty trauayling thus he blames her forgerie masked.
 But Venus enfhrowds them with a thick fog palpabil ayrye,
 Unfeen of eeche perfon by fleight inuifibil armed:
 Leaft foom their paffadge with curius article hindring
 Would learne, whence they trauayl'd? Too what coaft ar they repaying?
 Shee to her loftye Paphos with gladneffe merrye returneth:
 Wheare ftands her temple with an hundred consecrat altars;
 Smoaking with the encense; the low pauement fenceth of herb-flowrs.

In thee meane feafon they do paffe directly to townward:
 They trip too mountayns high typ, thee citty but vnder
 Marcking; thee caftels and turrets ftatelye beholding.
 Æneas woondreth, where dorps and cottages earft flood,
 For to fe fuch fturring, fuch ftuff, fuch gorgeous handwoorck.
 Thee Moors drudge roundly; foom wals are loftelye rayfing;

Soom mount high castels; foom stoans downe tumble al headlong,
 Soom mear foorth plat foormes, for buylding curious houfes;
 Soom doe choose the Senat, found laws and order enacting;
 Soom frame play theaters; foom deepelye dig harborus hauens;
 Soom for great palaces doo flife from quarrye the chapters.
 Lyke bees in summer seafon, through rustical hamlets
 That flirt in funbeams, and toyle with mutterus humbling.
 Whē they do foorth carry theyr yoong swarme fledgy to gathring :
 Or cels ar farcing with dulce and delicat hoonnye:
 Or porters burdens vnloads, or cluftred in heerdfwarne
 Feaze away thee droane bees with fting, from maüger, or hiuecot,
 Thee labor hoat fweltereth: the combs tyme flowrie besprinckleth.

O wights most blessed! whose wals be thus happilye touring,
 Æneas vttered: thee towne top sharplye beholding.
 Hee throngs in shryne clowd (a straung and meruelus order)
 Through crowds of the pepil, not feene, nor marcked of annye.

In towns myd center thear sprouted a groauecrop, in arbours
 Greene weede thick fhaded, wheare Moors from furge water angry
 Parted, a good token did find: for Iuno, the Princeffe,
 Theare the pate, in digging, of an horfe intractabil vttred.
 Thee wife diuined, by this prognosticat horthead,
 That Moors wyde conquest shoud gayne with vittayl abundant.
 Heere to Iuno Godeffe the Princeffe Dido did offer
 A fayre built temple, with treasure ritchlye replennisht.
 The stayrs brassye grifes stately presented, here also
 Thee beams with brazed copper were costlye bepounded.
 And gates with the metal dooe creake in shrilbated harfhing.

In this greene frithcops a new fight newly repressed
 Long feareful dangers: Æneas freshlye beginneth
 For to raise his courradge: his sharp aduersitie treading,
 For whil't in temple corners hee gogled his eyesight
 Wayting for Dido; thee state of thee cittie beholding,
 Whilft craftsmens cunning hee marckt with woonder amazed,
 Hee spied on suddeyn thee conflicts Troian al ordred,
 And that their bickrings al foys haue coompased earthly.
 Hee seeth Atrides, Priamus, to both hurtful Achilles.

Fast he stood: and trickling did speake: What nouke (fyr Achates)
 In world what region do not our toyls liuelye remember?
 Lo the, se king Priamus; soom crooms of glorie be resting.
 Soom tears this monument and soom compassion asketh.
 Pluck up a good courradge! this fame soom faultye wil offer.

Thus sayd, his hart throbbing with vaine dead pictur he feeding;
 Groane sighs deepe reaching with tears his leers ful he blubbred.
 Hee sees with baretours Troy wals inuironed hardly:
 Heere Greeks swiftlie fleing, them Troi-youths coompanie crushing.
 Theare gad thee Troians: in coach runs helmed Achilles.
 Hee weeps also, feing flags whit, with Rhesus his holding,
 In sleepe whom napping, Tydides blouddye betrayed,
 His fierce steeds leading to thee camp er al hungrie they grafed
 On Troian pasturs, or Xanth stream gredilye babled.
 Troilus hee marked running, deuested of armour:
 A lucklesse stripling, not a matche too coape with Achilles:
 With steeds he is swunged, downe picht in his hudge wagon emptye,

Thee rayns yeet griping: his neck and locks fal a fweeping
 Thee ground, his launce staffe thee dust top turuye doth harrow.
 In thee meane season Troy dames too temple aproched
 Of fretting Pallas, with locks vntreffed al hanging,
 With grief meeklye praying, with breast knocks humblye requesting.
 Thee Godes hard louting to the ground her phisnomie drowped.
 Theare thrife about Troy wals with spight knight Hector is haled.
 For gould his carcasfe was fould by the broker Achilles.
 Heere fighs and fobbing from breast he mightily rooted,
 Thus too see the wagon, the spoil, the vnfortunat ending
 Of deere companion, the like cares also doe sting him,
 For to se king Priamus, with his hands owtstretched, vnarmed,
 Himself he marked combin'd with Greekish asemblye.
 Hee noted Indie pepil, with swart black Memnon his armie.
 Theare wear Amazonical wommen with targat, an haulfmoone
 Likning, conducted by frantick Penthesilæa,
 No swarms or trouping horsfemen can apale the Virago,
 Her dug with platted gould ribband girded about her.
 A baratresse, daring with men, though a maide, to be buckling.

Whil't Prince Æneas theese pictures woonderus heeded,
 And eeche pane throughly with stedfast phisnomie marked,
 Too churche Queene Dido, thee pearle of beautie, repaired:
 Of liuely yoonckers with a gallant coompanie garded.
 In Cynthus Forrest much like too swift floud of Eurot.
 Where Nymphes a thowfand do friske with Princely Diana.
 On backe her quiver shee bears, and highly the remnaunt
 Of Nymphs surpassing with talright quantitie mounting.
 Too se this, her spirit with secret gladnes aboundeth.

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Such was Dido ioying, so she with regalitie passed,
 With Princely prefence the woorking coompanie cheering.
 In the gate of the godeffe shee fits, neere temple his arches,
 In chaire stately throned, with clustring garrison armed.
 Shee frames firmly statuts, and taskworckes equalie parteth.
 Or toyls too pioners by drawcut lotterie forteth.
 Now sees Æneas with a crowding sudden asemblye.
 Antheus and also Sergestus, doughtie Cloanthus,
 And oother Troians with rough seas stormie besweltred,
 Too soyl vnacquainted by tempest horrible pelted.
 Hee stands astonied, so woondreth likewise Achates:
 For to shak hands frendly feare bars, now gladnes on haleth.
 But the cause vnwitted them lets, therefor they resolued,
 With darck clowd shaded, to learne their former auenture,
 Where ride their vessels? why they coom? what caus is of hastning?
 For they the pickt choifemen did cul from nauie, requesting
 Mercie, to the temple trotting with meruelus houlung.
 When they wer in prefence, of pleading pardon afoured,
 Then the braue Ilionus thus stout deliu' red his errand.

O Queene most pufiaunt, to whom king Iuppiter heu'nly.
 Too raife a new cittie, by rare felicitie, graunted,
 And to rule a countrey, with scepter of equitie, sturdy:
 Wee caytiefes Troians, with storms ventositie mangled,
 Doo craue thee (Princesse) from flames our nauie to guerdon.
 Yeeld pitie; graunt mercy; flowrs of gentilitie pardon.
 For we hither fail'd not, the Moores with an armie to vanquish;
 Or from their region with prede too gather an heardflock.
 Such valerus courradge rarely men conquered haunteth.

Theare stands a region, by Greeke bards Hesperie named,
 A wel known countrey, for strong and plentiful holden,
 Theare dwelt th' Oenotrians; but in our adge Italie cleaped,
 So nam'd of captain: to this braue countrie we minded
 Too bend our iourney.
 But with a flaw suddein chauffing storm-bringer Orion,
 Spurnt vs too the waters: then ffoootherne swafhruter huffling
 Flunge vs on high shelueflats, to the rocks vs he buffeted after.
 Heere then a poore remnaunt in this thy fegnorie landed.
 What fel beaftly pepil rest heer? fuch barbarus vsadge
 What foile wild fosters? On sands they renounce vs an harbour,
 They doe bid us battail, fro the shoare thee coompanie pushing.
 If ye doe skorne mankind, and eeche wight mortal his harming,
 Let Gods sharp iustice in soom fort yeet be remembred,
 Oure King Æneas vs ruld, who for equitie rightful
 Euerie man owtpassed, for feats and martial armoure.
 If this Prince matchlesse no mortal destinie daunted,
 But yet is in breathing, from tempest faulſie recoouer'd:
 Firſt begin a freendshippe, for he wil make fullie requital.
 In Sicil eek region faire towneships fundrie be ſetled:
 In that old Ile raigneth, from Troy bloud ſpirted Aceſtes.
 Graunt foorth thy warrant in docks oure nauie to ſettle:
 Graunt plancks from forreſt to clowt oure battered inleaks.
 That we our King meeting may paſſe t'ward Italie ſailing.
 If Libie ſeas raging the life of this captain haue ended,
 If no good coomfort dooth reſt of nobil Iulus:
 Suffer vs at leaſt wiſe with iagged nauie retyring,
 Too Sicil our paſſadge too bend, too famous Aceſtes.

This speche had Ilionus: that song his coompanie chaunted.
 Briefly then heere Dido, with downe cast phisnomie, parled.
 Rest ye quiet, Troians, your thoughts from daunger abandon.
 In great fundrie perils, my state fet rawlie me straineth
 Too keepe thus the seacoast with ward and garrison heedeful.
 Who doe not Æneas, or Troian cittie remember?
 Their valor and courradge, their firebrand glorious onsets?
 Wee Moors, like dullards, are not so witles abiding,
 Nor Phebe from our cittie dooth so far funder his horses.
 If ye be determin'd, too fail to old Italie Saturne,
 Or to Sicil backward to the King, right nobil, Acestes,
 I'le ye man, esquipping your ships with furniture aptly.
 Or wil you soiourne in this my feminin empire?
 In towne you denifons I do make: let nauie be docked.
 Troians and Tyrians I wil with one equitie measure.
 Would God your captain with foothern blastpuf inhurled
 Heere made his arrival; but a watch t'ward mouth of eche hauen
 Speedile shal be placed, your chieftain woorthie to ferret.
 Wheather he through forrest dooth range, or wandreth in hamlets.

This princely promisse boldning both manful Achates,
 And father Æneas, thee clowd with greedines eager
 Too cleane they coouet; to Æneas thus first said Achates.

Thow son of heu'nly godeffe, how stands thy phansie resolued?
 Thow seeft al cocksure, thy fleete, thy coompanie salued.
 One ship is only absent, that in our fight sanck to the bottom.
 Thy moothers prophecie to the remnaunt fitly doth aunfwere.

Scant had I thus spoken, when clowd theim droffie relinquisht,
And from earthly thicknesse, too thinnesse vannished ayerie.
Theare stud up Æneas, with glittering beautie redowning.
Godlike in his feature: for his heu'nly moother amended
His bush with trimming, his sight was youthly bepurpled:
His looke sweete simpred, much like to the pullished iu'rie
By crafts hand burnisht: or with Phœbe filuer enamel'd:
Or touch stoane brazed with deepe gold purely refined.
Hee then vnexpected to the Queene thus brauely replied.

Heere do I stand present, whom you so gladly required,
Æneas Troian from stormes defalcked of Affrick.
Of trauail of Troians O Queene, thee succeres only.
Wee crooms of Troians with land and sea furie moyled,
Of welth dispoiled, like plodding stormebeaten haglers
From natue countrie, from cittie exiled abiding,
For theese thy benefits too make like freendly requital
I may not, Dido: nay the routs of progenie Troian
Through wilde world scatter'd, can not make woorthie repaiment.
Thee Gods (if Deitie woorcks of wights godly regardeth.
If right bee raigning, if vertue is too be rewarded)
Yeeld to the like kindnesse! What world, what vertuus heu'nly
Both father and moother gaue breath to so peereles a daughter?
Whil't hils cast shadows, whil't streams to the seas be reuoluing
Whil't stars ar twinckling in the orbs of fixed Olympus
Thy fame with thine honor shal bee by eternitie blazed
To what coast I trauail! Theese speeches duetiful vtt'ed
He shaks Ilionus with right hand, alsoe Sereftus

With left hand, fo doughtie Gian, fo doughtie Cloanthus.
Firft was Queene Dido with a fight thus fudden apaled,
Next with his hard venturs, and thus thee rendred her aunfwer.

Thou fon of hautie Godeffe, what crooked dangerus hazards
Purfue thy perfon? What fea thee terribil hither
Haue flounft? And art thou Æneas mightie, begotten
Of thy fyre Anchifes, and of Venus at Simo fountaine?
I faw king Teucer whillon to Sidon aproching
Expulft fro his regions, his right with might to recouer,
And with aid of Belus: then my fire Belus in Island
Of Cyprus raigned, that land with victorie maiftring.
From that time forward I knew the Troian auenturs,
Thee name of the citie, what kings fucceded in empire.
Eu'ne thee very enemy the Troians glorie did vtter.
And from their linnadge right hee deriued his offspring.
Wherefor freend Troians, withdraw your felues to my lodgings.
Mee the like hard venturs erft, and aduerfitie fuffring
In this new kingdome good fortun laftly repofed,
My felf erft flighted to relieue th' afflicted I learned.

Thus the difcoursed: to palaice foorth ftately the leadeth
The Prince Æneas; when feruice godly was ended.
Thee whil'ft to his nauie thee caufed twentie fat oxen
Straight to be cōueighed, with an hūdred briftled hudge brawns,
Of sheepe like number with lambs: Gods mightie rewarding.
But the inner lodgings were with regalitie trimmed.
In midft of chaumber thee rouse for bancket is apted,
Thee wals are cloathed with mafse and purpuled arras,

Of plate great cupboords, thee Gould embossed in antique
 Patterns, her linnadge by long fetch pettygre trayling
 Of fyers thee bedrol with native countrye recorded.
 Then the good Æneas (for carcking natural eggeth
 Thee mind of the parent) to the vessels posted Achates,
 This to tel Ascanius, conducting him to the cittye.
 The fyre in his darlings good successe chieflie reioyceth.
 Lykwife he commaunded too bring from nauie the presents
 Snatcht from Troy ranfackt, with Gould frets ritchlye bedawbed.
 Also the roabe pretiouse colored like faufred Achantus:
 Which plad vested Helen, from Greece when to Troy she flitted:
 Her weeds of wedlock, that her haut dam Leda did offer,
 Of price a rare present: also thee sceptre he willed
 Of the fayr Ilionee to be brought: this fayrie was eldest
 Of Priamus daughters, this mace too carrye she woonted:
 Thee pearle and Gould crowns too bring with garganet heauye.
 With this charge vttred to the vessels haftned Achates.

But Venus in musing with cares intoxicat hudling
 New sleights fresh forgeth: the face of trim prettie Cupido
 Too chang with iuggling, whereby hee too Dido reforting
 In place of Ascanius, with gifts might carrye the Princeffe
 Too brainesick looue fits, to her boans fire smouldered huffling.
 For Venus haulf doubteth thee Moors fly treacherus handling:
 Iuno her tormenteth: by night this terror her haunteth.
 This reason her flurring thus spake she to cocknye Cupido.

My sweete choise bulcking, my force and my power onlye,
 My baby despising thee bolts of Iuppiter angrye,

Of the request I refuge, with meeke submission humbled.
 Thou knowest Æneas, by broothers birth to the lincked,
 Through seas to haue wandred by Iunoes merciles hatred:
 Thou knowest thee venturs: my grief thy hart often hath anguished.
 Dido enterteigneth this gueft with curtesie ciuil.
 Yeet do I stil feare me theese faire Iunonical harbours.
 In straw thear lurketh foom pad: yet wil she be sturring.
 Thearefore her endeuours with counter craftines hinder.
 Inflame thee Princeffe with looues affection earnest,
 That mye sonne Æneas with mee shee chieflie may dandle.
 This drift too coompasse let this my loare be wel heeded.
 At the fathers sending thee boy to the cittie repaireth.
 (Delicat Ascanius, whose forward successe I tender)
 With many rich presents from Troy flames narrolye scaped.
 This child fast sleeping wil I lodge in lofty Cythera,
 Els on hil Idalium in seat sacred he shal be reposed.
 Least that he this stratagem should find, or woork wilye founder.
 Thou shalt his visadge for a nights space fitlye resemble.
 Thee gay boy kindly playing, thee knowne lads phisnomye taking:
 That when Queene Dido shal col the, and smacklye bebase thee,
 When quaffing winebols, when banquetts deintie be serued,
 When she shal embrace thee, when liplicks sweetelye she fastneth;
 That then thou be furer, too plant thy poisoned hoat looue.

Too moothers counsayl thee fierie Cupido doth harcken
 Of puts he his feathers, fauoring with gatetrip Iulus.
 But Venus enufeth sweet sleepe to the partie resembled,
 Too woods Idalian thee chyld nice cocknyed heauing

In feat of her boofom: neere fenting delicat herbflowrs
Of pretious maioram with fhade moft temperat houfed.

But now thee changling with gifts dooth trudge to the cittie
On to the court pofting: his guyde was truſtful Achates.
When that he too chaumber, moſt ſtately decked, aproched
Dido fat on beadſteed with curtens gorgeus hanged.
Then father Æneas with Troian cluſter aſembled:
On palet of ſcarlet they were for coſſherie ſetled.
Thee waiting ſeruaunts riche baſons maſſye doe carrye,
Alſoe wiping towels: maunchets ſum in pantrie doe baſket:
Fiftie buſy damſels with charge of buttrie be tangled,
With flame eke relligiouſe too fire thee confecrat aultars.
Maidens, manſeruaunts, of eche is there numbred an hundred,
That with princelye viand the tables al francklye doe furniſh.
Thee Tyrian lordings too court moſt freſhlye reſorted.
On need wrought carpets theſe gueſtes were al vſhered aptly.
Æneas preſents they marck, they doe gaze at Iulus.
His face goodlye roſet, with ſpeaking forgerie feigned.
They doe look at mantel, with roabs of ſaffrō'd Acanthus:
To futur harme lotted: but chieſſie the Princes, vnhappie,
Is not with gazing contented fullye, but eauer
Shee doth eye thee preſents: thee mopfy her phantaſie lurcheth.
On father Æneas his neck thee dandiprat hangeth.
And to his great liking his fire ſuppoſed he gaineth.
Hee ſkips too Dido: thee Queene with curteſie cheereful
Accepts the princox: ſoomtime ſhe him claſpeth in armes.
Poore ſoule not witting what great god her hoatly beſiegeth.
But this prettie peacock, his dames charge ſlily remembring,

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Firft of al attempteth too raze from phanſie Sichæus.
 With quick looue liuing fro the dead the affection haling;
 Too new flam'd liking her mind, erft ruſtie, reducing.
 When fare was finniſht, the tables eeke ſtately remoued,
 Hudge bols thick they placed, with garlads crown'd they the mazars,
 Al the palaice ringeth with ſtamp, a mutterus humming
 Tinkleth through the entries: the tapers eeke kindled ar hanging
 From gold wire glittering: thee night with brightnes is owted.
 Heere thee Queene willed that a maſſiue gould cup, abounding
 With ſtoans coucht pretious, ſhould bee preſented; her owne hands
 Thee goulden goblet with ſpict wine nappie replenniſht.
 This cup king Belus with her old fiers former al vſed.
 Thee rout kept a ſilence, theefe ſpeeches Dido did vtter.

Iuppiter (of gueſt folcks thee ſtay th'art truly reported)
 Graunt that this preſent Tyrian with Troian aſemble
 May breede good fortune to our freends and kinred heer after.
 Let make-ſport Bacchus, with good ladie Iuno, be preſent,
 And ye, my freendes Tyrians, thee Troian coompanie frolick.

Thus ſayd, with ſipping in veſſel nicely ſhee dipped.
 Shee chargeth Bicias: at a blow hee luſtily fwapping,
 Thee wine freſh ſpuming with a draught ſwild up to the bottom.
 Thee remnaunt lordings him pledge: Then curled Iöppas
 Twang'd on his harp golden, what he whillon learned of Atlas.
 How the moone is trauerf'd; how planet ſoonnie reuolueth,
 He chaunts: how mankind, how beaſts dooe carrie their offspring.
 How floods be engendred, ſo how fire, celeftial Arcture,
 Thee raine breede ſeu'nſtars, with both the Trionical orders.

Why the sun at westward so timely in winter is hous'd.
 And why the night seasons in summer swiftly be posting.
 Thee Moores hands clapping, the Troians, plaudite flapped.

But with fundrie motiue demaūds Queene Dido the night space
 Stretcht, then vnhappy being with looues sweet poison atached,
 Uerie much of Priamus demaunding and much of Hector.
 Also how thee darling of bright Aurora was armed?
 How Diomedes horses were shapt? how strong was Achilles?
 Nay gueſt quod the ladie, decipher from the beginning
 Thee Greekish falshood, with thy owne sharp venterus hazards
 For now ſeu'n ſummers ar ſpent, ſince thy trauail hardie
 On land and failing, lik pilgrim, cauſ'd the to wander.

FINIS LIBRI PRIMI.



The Second Booke of Virgil his Aeneis.



WITH tentiue listning eache wight was setled in harckning,
Thus father Æneas chronicled from loftie bed hautie.
You me bid, O Princeffe, too scarrifie a fettered old soare.
How that the Troians wear prest by Grecian armie.
Whose fatal miserie my sight hath witnessed heauie:
In which sharp bickring my self, as partie, remained.

What ruter of Dolopans weare so cruel harted in harckning,
What curst Myrmidones, what karne of canckred Vlyffes,
What void of al weeping could eare so mortal an hazard?
And now with moisture the night from welkin is haftning:
And stars too slumber dooe stir mens natural humours.
How be it (Princely Regent) if that thy affection earnest
Thy mind enflameth, too learne our fatal auenturés,
Thee toyls of Troians, and last infortunat affray:

Though my queazy stomack that bloodie recital abhorreth,
 And tears with trilling shal baine my phisnomie deeply:
 Yeet thine hoat affected desire shal gain the reherfal.

The Greekish captains with wars and destinie mated,
 Fetching from Pallas loom wise celestial engin,
 Fram'd a steede of timber, steaming like mounten in hudgeffes.
 A vow for passadge they fainde, and brute so reported.
 In this hudge ambry they ram'd a number of hardie
 Tough knights, thick farcing thee ribs with clustered armour.

In fight is Tenedos of Troy; thee famous island;
 Whil't Priamus flourish, a feat with riches abounding,
 But now for shipping a rough and daungerous harbour,
 Theare lurck theese minions in fort most secret abiding.
 All we then had deemed, to Greece that the armie retired,
 Thearefor thee Troians their longborne fadnes abandon:
 Thee gates vncloused they skud with a liuely vagarie,
 Thee tents of the enimies marcking, and desolat hauen.
 Heere fought thee Dolopans, theare stoutly encountred Achilles,
 Heere rode thee nauie, theare battails bluddie wear offred.
 Soom do loke on dismal present of loftie Minerua:
 Also they gaze woondring at the horfe his maruelus hudgeffes.
 And first exhorteth thee Troians feally Tymetes
 Too bring thee monument intoo thee citie; then after
 For to place in stately castell thee monstherus Idol.
 Wheather he meant treason, or so stood destinie Troian!
 But Capys and oothers diuing more deeply to bottom,
 Warily suspecting in gifts thee treacherie Greekish, . . .

Did with thee wooden monster weare drowned, or harbour'd
 In scorching firebrands: or ribs too spatter a sunder.
 Thee wauering commons in kim kam sectes ar haled.

Firft then among oothers, with no final coompanie garded,
 Laocoon storming from princelie caftel is haftning,
 And a far of beloing: what fond phantaftical harebraine
 Madnes hath enchaunted your wits, you townfmen vnhappie?
 Weene you (blind hodiecks) thee Greekiſh nauie returned;
 Or that their presents want craft? Is fubtil Vliſſes
 So foone forgotten? My lief for an haulfpennie (Troians)
 Either heere ar couching foom troupes of Greekiſh afemblye,
 Or to cruſh our bulwarcks this woorck is forged, al houſes
 For to prie furmounting the towne: foom practis or oother
 Heere lurcks of coonning: truſt not this treacherus enſigne:
 And for a ful reckning, I like not barrel or herring.
 Thee Greeks beſtowing their presents Greekiſh I feare mee,
 Thus ſaid: he ſtout reſted, with his chaapt ſtaffe ſpeedily running
 Strong the ſteed he chargeth, thee planck ribs manfully riuing.
 Then the iade, hit ſhuiered, thee vouts haulf ſhrillie rebounded
 With cluſh claſh buzzing, with droomming clattered humming.
 Had gods or fortun no ſuch courſe deſtinie knedded:
 Or that al our ſenſes wear not ſo bluntly benumbed,
 Thear ſleight and ſtratagems had beene diſcoouered eaſly,
 Now Troy with Priamus caſtel moſt ſtately remaining.

But loe, the mean ſeaſon, with ſhouting clamorus hallow,
 Of Troy towne the ſhepheards a yoncker mannaced haling
 Preſent too Priamus: this gueſt ful ſilie did offer

Him self for captiue, thearby to coompas his heafting,
And Troian cittie to his Greekiſh countrie men open.
A baffe bold merchaunt in cauſes daungerus hardie.
In doubtful matters thus ſtands hee flatly reſolued,
Or to cog, or certain for knauerie to purchas a Tyburne.
The Troian ſtriplings crowding dooe cluſter about him:
Soom view the captiue, ſoom frumping quillities vtter.

Now liſten lordings, too Greekiſh cooſinage harcken,
And of one od ſubtil ſtratagem, moſt treacherus handling
Conſter al.
For when this princox in midſt of throng flood vnarmed,
Heedily the Troians marcking with phifnomie ſtaring:

Oh, quod he, what region ſhal ſhrowd mee villenous outcaſt?
Whearto ſhal I take me forlorne vnfortunat hoaploſt?
From Greikiſh countrey do I ſtand quite banniſhed: alſo
Thee wrath hoat of Troians my blood now fiercely requireth.

Thus with a ſob fighting our minds with mercie relenting
Greedily wee coouet too learne his kinred, his errand,
His ſtate, eke his meaning, his mind, his fortun, his hazard.
Then the ſquire emboldned dreadles thus coynd an aunſwer.

King: my faith I plight heere, to relate thee veritie foothly.
I may not, I wil not deny my Greecian offspring.
Though Sinon a caytieſe by fortun ſcuruie be framed
A lier him neuer may ſhe make, nor cogger vnhoneſt.
If that (king puſiaunt) ye haue herd earſt haply reported

Thee name of the famouse Palamedes greatly renowned:
 Thee Greeks this captaine with villenus iniurie mured:
 Hym they lying charged with treafons fallye, for hindring
 Forfooth theyr warfars: him dead now dolfulye mourne they.
 Too ferue this woorthy, to hym neerely in kinred alyed,
 My father vnwelthy mee sent, then a prettye page, hither.
 Whil'ft he stood in kingdome cockfure whil'ft counfel auayled,
 Then we were of reckning; our feats weare duelye regarded.
 But when my coofen was snapt by wicked Vliſſes,
 (A ſtorie far publiſht, no gloaſing fabil I twattle)
 With colericque fretting I dumpt, and ranckled in anguiſh:
 My tongue not charming with fuming fuſtian anger
 Plainely without cloaking, I vow'd to be kindlye reuenged,
 Eauer if I backward to natiue countrie returned.
 And thus with menacing lip-threats I purchaſed hatred.
 Hence grew my croſbars, hence always after Vliſſes
 With new forg'd treafons me, his foa, too terrifie coouets.
 Oft he gaue owt rumours, hee fabled fundrie reportes,
 Mee to trap in matters of ſtate, with forgerye knauifh.
 His malice hee foſtred, tyl that prieſt Calchas he gayned.
 But loa, to what purpoſe do I chat ſuch ianglerye trim trams?
 What needs this lingring? ſith Greeks ye hold equal in hatred.
 Sith this eke heard ſerueth, ſpeede furth your bloody reuengmēt
 So ye may ful pleaſure the Greeks, and profit Vliſſes.

The les he fourth prattled, the more we longed in harcking,
 Too learne al the reaſons, no Greekiſh villenye doubting,
 Thee reſt chil ſhiuering he with hart deliuered hollow.

Thee Greeks theyr passadge very oft determined homward.
And cloyd with bickring theese wars they thought to relinquish.
Would God it had falne so! yet it had so truely; but often
South wynds with winter storming their iournye did hinder.
Also of late season, when the horse was finished holye
Thee skies loud rumbled with ringing thunderus hurring.
With weather astonied, with such storms season agryfed,
Wer sent Euripulus too sacred Apollo for aunswer.
Too soon he this messadge ruful from the oracle vttered.
Thee wynds with bloodshed were swag'd, with slaughter of hallow'd
Uirgin, to Troy ward when first you bended a nauye,
Your viage also hoamward a slaughter blouddye requireth.
The wynd puffed bluftring no blood but Greecian asketh.
When knight Euripilus this messadge crooked had op'ned,
Then we were all daunted, with trembling feareful atached,
What Greek for sacrifice thee god demaunded Apollo.
Shortly the priest Calchas was brought by the shrewd-wyt Vliffes,
And now soare laboreth, too know what person is asked.
Diuerse did prophecy forth with my destinie final.
That this new practise from my old foes treacherye spraueth.
Thee priest twise fve dayes thee case with secreacye sealeth.
Hee mak's it scrupulous forsooth with blouddye reherfal
Of tongue, too sacrifice a wight: him pressed Vliffes
This notwithstanding, with long importunat vrging,
Of purpose Calchas mee wretch too the altar apointed.
Thearto the rest yeelded; for what theym priuat had anguish,
On me they soon fetled with publicque ioyful agreement.
With posting passadge thee day most dismal aproched,

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The fruits al be ready, garland to mye temples is apted.
 My scape I deny not, my flight from prifon I knowledge,
 Thee woes and the myry foule bogs for an harborie taking
 Until they to feaward had packt, and fayles had hoysed.
 Now fhall I wayle, poore foule, from natiue countrie remoued,
 Of father accoumpting my felf, of children al hoapleffe.
 Whose giltleffe slaughter by my flight is like to be coompaft.
 Thee do I craue, Priamus, by gods almightie fupernal
 (If truth, if vnfayned good fayth dooth flourish among men)
 For to spare a wretched fugitiue thus touzed in hatred.
 Wee thawde with weeping doo pardon francklye the villeyne.
 In perfon Priamus foorth with commaunded his yrons
 For to be difioyncted, theefe woords eke gratius adding.

What wight th'art, ftranger, no Greekiſh countrie remember.
 Thow fhalt be a Troian; yet in one doubt truelye refolue me.
 What means this burly fhapte horſe? what perſon is author?
 For what relligion? what drift? what martial engyn?

This fayd: my yooncker with Greekiſh treacherye leſſon'd,
 Too ſtars vp mounting both his hands vnmannacted, aunſwer'd.

You fires perpetual with rites vnſpotted abyding,
 Too you for witneſſe do I cal: you myſtical altars,
 You ſwoords I fled from, that I woare, you confecrat headbands,
 I do hold it lawful, to reueale thee myſterye Greekiſh,
 Too ſcorne theyr perſons, to blab theyr ſecrecye priuat.
 What law can bynd mee, to be trew to ſo wicked a countrey?
 So that you Troians, in promiſ'd mercie be conſtant,

If truth I shal manifest, if gifts bee largely requited.
 Thee Greeks affuraunce in Pallas wholly remained,
 And with her assistaunce their wars were shouldered always.
 But sith Tydides, eke of evils thee founder Vliffes
 Attempted lewdly fro the church to imbeazel an holy
 Patterne of Pallas, thee keepers filthily quelling,
 Then they the sacred image with brute fist blouddie prophaned,
 Thee virgins garlands with contempt impius handling:
 Sith they that attempted, thee Greekish successe abated,
 And ther hoap al backward did drag: thee virgin eke angrie,
 And her wrath the godeffe with signs most sensibill op'ned,
 Scant was this patterne of Pallas fetled among vs,
 When flames of fiery flashing most terribill hissed:

It sweat with chauffing: three times (to to strange to be spoken!)
 From ground it mounted, both launce and targat eke holding.
 Through seas priest Calchas, to retire back hastily wistheth,
 For that against Troians thee Greeks do vainly beare armour.
 Til that with the godeffe themselves too Greece be returned.
 Which they perfourmed. Now that they failed ar hoomeward
 They puruey weapons and gods too pacifie purpose,
 And to returne hastily: thus Calchas eeche plat hath ordred.
 They fram'd this monument to appease celestiall anger
 Of the godeffe Pallas, the prophet that practis apointed:
 Howb't priest Calchas would haue the horse lifted in hudgeffes,
 Left you, the Troians, through gats should carrie the present
 And so to bee shielded yet again with patronage anticque.
 If you with violence this gift too scatter had hapned,
 Graūd heaps of mischief which gods on the authour his hertroote

First set (I doo pray them) should Troian cittie replenish.
 And if this rellick by you to the cittie wer haled,
 Then, loa, the stout Troians in wars should glorie triumphing,
 Wee to ye, like bond slaues, our felues for vanquished offering.

With this gay glosing of a stincking periured hangman
 Wee wer al inueigled, with wring'd tears nicelie blended.
 Those whom Tydides, whom Lauiffoean Achilles
 And al their warlick vessels, in number a thowsand,
 In ten yeers respit could not with victorie vanquish!

But marck what folowed: what chaunce and luck cruel hapned
 Jump with this cogging, our minds and senses apaling.
 As priest Laocoon by lot to Neptun apointed
 A bul for sacrifice ful fizde did slaughter at altars,
 Then, loa ye, from Tenedos through standing deepe floud apeased
 (I shiuer in telling) two serpents monstrous ouglie
 Plasht the water fulcking to the shoare most hastily swinging.
 Whose breasts vpsteaming, and manes blood speckled inhaunced,
 High the sea surmounted, thee rest in smooth flud is hidden,
 Their tails with croompled knot twisting swashly they wrigled.
 Thee water is rowfed, they do frisk with floūce to the shoare ward,
 Thee land with staring eyes bluddy and fire beholding:
 Their fangs in lapping they stroak with brandished hoat tongs.
 Al we fle from sacrifice with fight so grifled afrighted.
 They charg Laocoon: but first they raught to the sucklings,
 His two yong children with circle poisoned hooking.
 Them they doe chew, renting their members tender asunder.
 In vaine Laocoon the affault like a stickler apeasing

Is to fone embayed with wrapping girdle ycoompast,
His midil embracing with wig wag circuled hooping,
His neck eke chaining with tails, him in quantitie topping,
Hee with his hands labored their knots too squife, but al hoaples
Hee striues: his temples with black swart poyson anointed.
Hee freams, and skrawling to the skie brayes terribil hoiseth.
Much like as a fat bul beloeth, that settled on altar
Half kild escapeth the miffing boutcherus hatchet.
But theefe blooddie dragons to sacred temples aproched
Under feete lurking and shield of mightie Minerua.
A feare then general mens mated senses atached.
We iudge Laocoon to be iustly and woorthily punnisht,
For that he rash charged with launce thee mystical idol.
Streight to place in cittie this image, too pacifie swiftly
Thee godes offended, they doe crie.
Downe we beat our rapiers; our towne wals gapwide ar op'ned.
Al we fal a woorking, thee wheels wee prop with a number
Of beams and sliders, the neck with cabil is hooped.
Through wals downe razed wee draw the mischieuus engin,
Ful bag'd with weapons; fonnets are caroled hymnifh
By lads and maidens, the roap ons to tip hartily longing.
It flids, and menaceth futur hurt in cittie repofed.
O Gods, ô countrey, ô Troy wals stronglye berampyred!
Foure times this monument at towne-gates stagged in entring,
Foure times with the armour clofe coucht thee paunch bely clashed.
Howbeit, blind bayards, we plod on with phrensie bedusked,
And in thee castel we doe pitch this monfter vnhappye.
By gods commaund'ment thee truth Cassandra reuealed,

Neauer in her prophecyes by the Troians feallye beleueed.
Wee for a laft farewel doe deck through cittie the temples.

Thee whil't night darckneffe right after funfet aproched,
With fhaddow clowding earth, heu'n, and treacherie Greekiſh.
Thee Greeks that glyded through wals, al foftlye be whuſted.
Then the phalanx Greekiſh did fayl with nauye wel ordred
From Tenedos: ſhinings of moone moſt freendlye doe guide them.
To the ſhoare acquainted they doe ſhooue: fire of admiral hoyfed.
Streight Sinon, affured by gods and deſtinie wrongful,
Thee ſtuf paunch cloſet from lincking ioynctlye releafeth.
Thee doores diſcloafed, by roaps thee coompanye ſlided.
Tifandrus, Sthenelus captayns, hard harted Vliffes.
And Athamas, next alſo Thoas foorth iſhued haſtlye.
Alſo Neoptolemus, but of oothers chiefly Machaon.
Downe Menelaus is holpt, of the engyn forger Epæus.
Our men ar affaulted, with ſleepe, with druncknes afotted.
Thee watch they murthred, thee gats ſet eke open, a cluſter
Of their companions they let in, thee coompanie lincketh.

Then was it a ſeaſon, when ſlumber ſweetlye betaketh
Each mortal perſon by woont and natural order.
I, loa, then in ſleeping, to my ſeeming ſorroful Hector
Preſt foorth in preſence, and ſalt teares dolefulye ſhowred.
Harryed in ſteedyocks as of earſt, black-bluddie to viſadge
With duſt al powdred, with filthhood duſtie bedagled.
His feete are vpswelling with raynes of bridil ybroached.
Woa me, God! how greatly was he chaunged from that od Hector,

Too Troy that whillon dyd turne with spoyle of Achilles,
Or that with wyldfire thee Greekiſh nauie beſkorched.
His berd was fluttifh, thee bloud thick cluttred his hairs ſtayn'd.
Thoſe wounds wyde bearing, that he neere the cittie receaued.
I then, as I deemed by myn own wyl, thearto not asked,
Wept, in this maner to him ſpeeches forroful vttring.

O ſtar of al Troians, of towne thee proſperus holder,
What lets the lingred? from what far countrie, ſyr Hector,
Long loockt for coomft thou? ſo that after dangerus hazards,
And diuers burials of freends, of kinred, of oothers
Wee toft now doe ſe thee. By what chaunce filthye thy viſadge
Is thus diffigured? Theſe wounds why mortal apeere they?

Hee litle accounted this fond and vanitie childiſh,
But fighs vpplucking from breaft ful deepeſye, thus aunſwerd.

Thow ſoon of holye godeſſe, from flame thy carcas abandon.
Thee foes haue conquer'd, Troy towne is fyred of al fides.
Too citty and Priamus life ynough gods deſtinie graunted.
If that the Troians hand-ſtroaks could fortifie manful,
This fiſte, Greeks hacking, that fenſiue ſeruice had eended.
Too the recommendeth Troy towne theyr conſecrat houſ-gods.
Take theſe for the pilots of fates, by theyr ayd ſeke a cittie,
Which ſtately townewals by thee ſhal ſtronglye be founded,
Through large ſeas paſſadge when thou ſhalt wander hereafter.
Thus ſayd: thee garland, mee thought, and Veſta the mightie
From altars down fetching, thee fiers eternal be quenched.

Thee whil'ft in citty there roard a changabil howling,
 Stil the noife encreafeth (yea though that verye far inward
 My father Anchifes his court was fetled in arbours)
 Thee fkrich rings mounting, increaft is the horror of armoure,
 From fleepe I broad waked, to top haftly of turret I pofted,
 And to the shril yerning with tentiue greedines harckned.
 Much lyke as in corneshocks findged with blasterus hurling
 Of Southwynd whizling : or when from mounten a rumbling
 Flud raks vp foorrows, ripe corne, and tilladge of oxen :
 Downe tears it wyndfals, and thick woods fturdelye tumbleth,
 Thee crack rack crashing the vnwittie paftor amazeth.

Now Greeks moft plainly their craft long hammered op'ned.
 Vulcan hath, in flaming, quit burnt, by his furnitur heating,
 Thee houfe of Deiphobus, then next his neighbor his houfframe
 Vcalegon kindleth; thee ftrand flames fierie doe brighten.
 Thee towns-men roared, thee trump taratantara ratled.
 Thus then I diftracted, with al haftning, ran to my weapons,
 Too fhock in combats, or gard with coompanie caftels
 Mee my will on fpurreth, thus wrath, thus phrenfie me biddeth.
 And to dye with bickring I tooke for a gloriuf emprice.
 But fee: prieff Panthus of towne and facred Apollo
 Panthus Otriades thee Greekiſh boucherie fcaping,
 Heeld in his hands holy relicques, gods conquered, alfo
 His yoong prettie nephew, to the ftrandward speedelye trotting.

What news, fyr Panthus? what forte were beft to be fenced?
 Scant fayd I theefe ſpeeches, when woords to me dolful he rēdred;

Woorthie fyr, our laft houre is coom, too late to be mourned.
 Wee were in old feafon Troians, Troy cittie was, alfo
 Thee Troian glorie flourifht: now Iuppiter hard'ned
 Hath the ftate of Troians fubuerted wholye! The pertlike
 Greeks thee flam'd cittie with ruthleffe victorie ranfack.
 Their fteed hath vpuomited from gorge a furfet of arm'd men.
 Fals Sinon aduanced, with fire, confumeth al houfes,
 And flouts vs kindly: thee gats ar cram'd with an armie.
 Such troups as neauer too cittie Troian aneered.
 Soom ftop al od corners, no nouke, no paffage vnarmed.
 They brandifh weapons fharp edg'd, to flaughter apointed.
 In firft encounter thee watch to to weaklye refifted.

With woords of Panthus, and with gods herried order
 Kindled, I run forward too ruft through thicket of armour,
 Wheare fhouts vpclimbing moft rife, wheare is hart-fad Erynnis.
 Theare leags as feloes Ripheus ftrong, Iphitus hardy.
 By moonfhine roaming Hipanis, fo fyr Dymas eager
 Flanck furth our vauntgard: next cooms thee luftie Chorcæbus,
 Sonne to prince Mygdon, who then not lucklye repaired
 Too Troy, with liking of mad Caffandra bewitched;
 Soon to king Priamus by law: thus he lawfather helping,
 His pheers wood prophecies not at al the yooncker unhappie
 Heard.

This band of Troians thus ioinctly affemblyd, I framed
 This fpeeche: Stout gallants, braue youths, and coompanie manful,
 Yf ye be determyn'd too finck in martial hazards,
 Too lym, too carcaffè you fee what fortun is offred.
 Al things goe backward: thee gods haue flatlye renoun't vs,

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Our state that whillon preferu'd: thee cittie to rescue,
 Cleene burnt, were fruitles: let vs hardlye be slaughtred in armour:
 Tam'd men haue one faultie, not in hope to settill a faultie.

Theefe woords their valiant courradge dooe scarrifie deepelye,
 Like rauening woolf-dams vpfoackt and gaunted in hunger,
 That range in clowd shade: their whelps neare starued ar eager,
 And expect vdders with dry iaws: so doe we iustle:
 Wee keepe thee midpath with darcknesse nightie beueiled.

Lord! by whose heu'nly vttraunce may that nights blood be recounted?
 Or match thee miserie with counteruaylabil howling?
 The old towne fals to ruin, that summers fundrye was Empreffe.
 Thee streets and kennels are with flaine carcases heaped:
 Euery house, each temple with ruful slaughter aboundeth.
 And yeet thee Troians are not men vanquished onely:
 Sparcks of an old courradge to the conquer'd freshly be turning.
 Thee Greekish victours not in eeche stroke skotfre remained.
 Loud was thee yelling, great fears and murder of al sides.
 Of Greeks thee first man with a gallant coompanie garded
 Fronted vs, Androgeos, for freends vs simplye beleeuing.
 In gentil manner thus he soone discourfed vnasked.

Haft forward feloes: what means this luskish aproching?
 You drawlach loytrers are scant from nauie repaying,
 When your companions with spoyls of cittie be loaden.

Hee sayd: eke on fuddeyn (for he was not freendlye like aunswerd)
 Hee spyed his perfon with Troian coompanye wheeled,

Thence did he shrink backward, his woords al softlye repreffing.
 Like when as a trauayler thee fnake with brambel ycoouer'd,
 Unwitting squifeth, with chaunce fo sudden amazed,
 Speedily whips backward from woorme, with poysoned anger
 Upfweild: Androgeos likwife moft gaffly reculed.
 Wee charge thee minions with round and compafed armour.
 In ftreets vnknowne they doe fal, with terror apaled.
 Our first encounter by fortun lucklye was ayded.

This fucceffe cheering and fleafhing luftye Chorusbus,
 Thus fpake he: Deere fociats, fith we haue this prosperous onfet,
 Now let vs on forward, as luck and deftenie guydeth.
 And let vs our targets exchange, and Grecian armour
 Al clap on our bodies, marching with Grecian enffigne.
 Craft or doughtie manhod what nice wight in foe requireth?
 Thee Greeks fhall furnifh weapons. This fpoken, an helmet
 Of knight Androgeos gliftring on pallet he pitcheth.
 Hee took eke his target, then in hand his fawchon he griped.
 Thee like did Ripheus, Dymas, and thee youthful afembly.
 With new raught weapons eeche wight is newly refreshed.
 Too Greeks wee linckt vs, by gods direction holpen.
 In night fhade darckneffe with foes wee fkyrmifhed eftfoons,
 And with hoat affaulting too Limbo we plunged a number.
 Soom run to veffels too ftrondward fwiftlye retyring,
 Soom clymb their fteeds womb, freight with perplexitie daftard,
 • Oh! Labor is fruiçtleffe, which gods and deftinie frustrat!

Lo ye; the wood virgin, with locks vnbroyded is haled
 Caffandra, and trayled from temple of holy Minerua.

In vayn her eyes flamed too feat celestial heauing:
 Her wrists eke tender with cord weare mannaced hardlye.
 This fight foule freighted with woodful phrensy Chorœbus
 Hee runs too rescu, like a bedlem desperat headlong.

Wee the man hoat foloed, wee coapt with Greekish asemblye.
 Now be we peale pelted from tops of barbican hautye
 Maynelye with our owne men by floans downe rouled among vs.
 This dolye chaunce gal'd vs, with bloud, with slaughter abouiding,
 For that thee townsmen knew not this chaffar of armoure.
 Thee Greeks al furious, too fee Cassandra recoouer'd,
 Did band toogewater: but chief thee couraged Ajax
 And both the Atridans, thee stout Doloponian armye.
 Like wrastling meete winds with blasts contrarius huzzing,
 East, weast and southwind, with puf-roare mightelye ramping,
 Hudge trees downe trample: thearewith god Neptun awaked
 Thee seas with chauffing and strecht mace merciles hoyfeth.

Also such old enimies: policy that former aflighted
 And coucht in corners, with a vengeaunce freshlye retyred,
 And first discoouer'd thee shields and treacherie feigned.
 Our speech eke and gybbrish their guesh did fortifie soothlye.
 Down cooms thee countrey: Wheare first thee sturdye Chorœbus
 By fyr Peneleus was flaine, neere consecrat altar
 Of the godeffe Pallas: Ripheus like villenye suffred.
 A man too pietie, to iustice wholye relying.
 So gods ordained thee chaunce. Lo our coompanye slaughtred
 Both Dymas and Hypanis: nor thy deuotion holye
 Could salue thee Panthus, nor crowne of blessed Apollo.

You boans of Troians and houfes flamed I witneffe,
 In this laft byckring I thrunck no danger or hazard,
 With Greeks encountring: and if fo fates had apointed,
 My fift deferued my death. From thence we be tumbled
 Iphitus and Pelias iump with me. But Iphitus aged
 Drag'd, and eke Pelias fore maym'd with wound of Vliffes.

To Priamus caftel thee fhout doth vs haftilye carrye:
 Heere was hoat affaulting, as though no fkyrmifh had els wheare
 Beene, ne yet a fubiect Troian through cittie wear harmed.
 Thus we fe Mars furioufe, thus Greeks euery harbory fcaling,
 Up fretting the pilers, warding long wymbeled entries.
 They clinge thee fcalings too wals, and vnder a fowgard
 They clymb, in left hand, with fhields, tools fellye rebating.
 With right hands grapling thee tops of turret ar holden.
 In valiant coombat thee Troians fturdye refifted.
 They pafhe thee pallets of Greeks, and rumble a mufter
 Of torne razte turrets, and for defenfibil armour
 Thee Greeks with rold ftoans in laft extremitie crufted.
 And ritch gylt rafters, thee badge, the gloriuf enfigne
 Of bloud, thee Troians are ftrayn'd too fcatter in hurling.
 Soom bands of Troians with weapons naked in entryes
 Ranck clofe toogether, thee Greeks moft manlye repelling.
 Wee with al encoraged weare ftur'd too fortifie caftel
 Of poore king Priamus, bringing freth ftrengh to the vanquifht.

Theare ftood an od corner from vulgar companie finged,
 A pofterne fecret, to the caftel princelye belonging.
 Andromachee the woful that paffage traced had often

Priuat, whil'ft Priamus kingdome with faultie remained,
Too graundfyre leading her yoong chield Aftyanaeta.
Too the ty of turrets I ran, wheare feeblye the Troians
Cleene tyrde, the affaultours with weak force vaynely repulſed.
Theare was a toure ſtanding on a rock, that in altitud eu'ned
Thee ſtars, too ſeming (whence al thee Troian aſemble
Was wont thee Greek fleet to behold, and cuſtomed armie).
Wee that diſioyncted; from ſtoans thee timber aſunder
Wee tearde; thee ioyncturs vnknit, with an horribil hurring
Pat fals thee turret, thee Greeks with craſh ſwaſh it heapeth.
Their rowme ſupply oothers; no kind of weapon is abſent,
Nor ſtoans, nor boans.
Theare flood ek al furioſe with wrath dan Pyrrhus in entrie,
With brandiſh weapons ruffling, in braſſhaped armoure.
Much like the owtpeaking from weeds of poyſoned adder,
Whom nauil of boorrowes in winters ſeaſon hath harbour'd.
His ſlough vncaſing, him ſelf now youthfulye bleacheth,
His tayle ſmoog thirling, ſlicke breſt to Titan vpheauing.
With toonge three forcked furth ſpirts fyre freſhly regendred.
Theare fought fir Periphas, and coachman of old of Achilles,
Automedon named, ſoomtime that guided his horſes.
With theefe ſtout captayns thee youth of Scyria marched,
They doe pres on forward, vp fire to the raſter is hurled.
In perſon Pyrrhus with faſt wrought twibbil in handling
Downe beats with pealing thee doors, and poſt metal beaueth,
Hudge beams hee bruſteth, ſtrong bars faſt ioyncted he renteth.
A broad gap yawning with theefe great puffhes is op'ned,
Where with thee chambers ar plaine diſcoouered inward.
Now Priamus parlours, with long antiquitie nobled,

Too the foe stand open, with large far gallerie stretched.
Stronglye the first entry thee Troians garded in armoure.
But the inner lodgings did thrille with clamorus howting,
Too skies swift climbing was sent thee terribil owterrie.
Then shiuering moothers through court doo wander agasted,
Thee posts fast colling, thee pilers moste hartelye buffing.
With father his courradge his might dan Pyrrhus enhaunceth,
No man, no mortar can his onfet forcibil hynder.
With rip rap bouncing thee ram to the chapter is hurled,
Postes al and parlours vp from foundation heauing.
Pykes make thee passadge: and top fyd turuie be turned
All thee princelie thresholds; thee Troians roundly be murthred.
No place or od corners of Greekish sould'or ar emptie.
Not so great a ruffling the riuier strong flashie reteyneth
Through the breach owt spurging, eke against bancks sturdely shogging.
It brayeth in snorting, through towns, through countrie remouing
Both stabill and oxen. There I saw in boucherie bathed
Firie Neoptolemus, both bretherne lincked Atridans.
And Hecuba old princeffe did I see, with number, an hundred
Law daughters: Priamus with blood defiled his owne fyre,
That with his owne traueling too gods he fetled on altars,
Fiftie nephew striplings, and lemmans fiftie reteyn'd he
Now the statelye pilers with gould of Barbarye fretted
Are razde. Wheare flaming dooth cease, there Greeks doe make hauock.

Happlie what eende Priamus did make, now wil be requyred.
His foes old Priamus through court and cittie beholding
On rusty shoulders slow clapt his vnusual armoure,
And bootelesse morglay to his fides hee belted vnhabill.

His lif amid't the enimies with foyne too finnish he mindeth.
 In midil of the palaice to skies broad al open an altar
 Stood with greene laurel, through long antiquitie, fhaded.
 Now to this hold Hecuba, and her daughters mourneful asembled
 In vain for succour griping their miftical idols.
 Like dooues in tempest clinging fast closly togeather.
 When thee saw Priamus youthlik furcharged in armour
 Shee fayd: What madnes thee leads, unfortunat husband,
 With theese mails maffiue to be clog'd? now whether I pray thee?
 Our state eke and perfons may not thus weakly be shielded.
 No though my darling were prefent, courraged Hector!
 Heere pitch thy fortrefse: let trust be repofed in altar:
 This fhall vs all succour, or wee wil ioinctly be murthred.
 This faid; her old husband in facred feat she repofed.

But fe ye, from Pyrrhus fcaping the youthly Polites
 Sonne too king Priamus, through thrufting forcibil armour,
 Rufht by long entreys, thee paffadge bloudie begoaring.
 Him quick dan Pyrrhus purfuing greedily reatcheth.
 With the pufh and poaking of launce hee perceth his entrails.
 In fight of the foarie parents hee fel to the groundward,
 And liefc with the gufhing bloudfhed to the gods he releafed.
 When that king Priamus did fee this boucherie beaftly,
 Though that he were pofting in fatal iourney to deaths doore,
 Yeet this quick cholerick challenge hee could not abandon.

Now for this tyranie, the gods (fo that equitie raigneth
 And the loare of iuftice) take, I pray them rightly reuengement.
 In father his prefence with fpightful villenie cancred,

Thee fonne that murthrest, my fight with boucherie stayning.
Not fo the right valiaunt (whose foon th'art feigned) Achilles
Was to his foe Priamus, but laws of martial armes
Tendring did render too tumb thee carcas of Hector.
And me to my kingdome both gently and truely returned.

The old man thus bawling, in strēgth cleene weakned, here hurled
His dart at Pyrrhus; from the armour feebly rebounding,
In bos of his target with flagging weaknes it hangeth.

Why then, quod Pyrrhus, thou shalt bee speedily posted
Too coast infernal, theare let my exploits be reported :
My father aduertise, that I was ful truely begotten,
Bafely Neoptolemus was borne, that carrie for errand.

This said, poore Priamus with force from the altar is haled,
And then fir Pyrrhus with left hand grapled his hoarelocks,
In the blud him ducking of his owne foon, fellie Polytes.
His blade he with thrusting in his old dwind carcas vphilted.
This was prince Priamus laft end and destinie final.
Who saw thee Troians vanquisht, thee cittie repressed:
Emp'ror of hudge Asia, earft ruling with dignitie regal,
In shoare now nameleffe dooth ly like a trunchon al headleffe.

This when I perceaued, with fenfibil horror atached,
My father Anchifes heere with do I cal to remembraunce,
Whil't I beheld Priamus thus gasping, my fire his adgemate,
I beare eke in memorie my wife left foaly Creüsa.
And my house dispoiled, then I thinck on my foon Iulus.

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In this wise musing min eye glaunst to my coompanie fenfine:
 I do spie no Troian, for soom tyer'd tumbled al headlong
 Too ground, and diuerse were burnt with purposed offer.
 Thus then I left naked, by Vestaes temple abiding
 Falso Helen, in lurking manner close settled, I marked.
 Thee flaming brightnesse from fight dooth darcknes abandon
 This minion doubting thee Troians blouddie reuengement,
 And also fearing thee Greekish fire requital,
 Thee bane of vs Troians, of Greeks thee mak-bate Erinnys,
 Form'd her in a corner sneaking detested of altars.
 With choler inflaming I rest al restles in anger,
 With the death of the ladie to requite my countrie repressed.

To Mycen, or Spartans and shal she be faulfly returned?
 And after conquest as Queene with glorie to flourish?
 Her father, her palaces shal shee se, her children, her husband?
 With the knot of Troian matrons to her seruice allotted?
 Slain lies king Priamus: the Troian cittie beskorched.
 Thee shoars of Dardan for her oft with bloodshed abounded.
 No fuer, I may not such an horribil iniurie cancel.
 For to kil a wooman though no great glorie be gleaned,
 Though valor and al honour from such weake victorie flitteth,
 Yeet to flea this firebrand, of al hurly burly the foundresse,
 Muft bee commended. My mind eke further is eased
 If that of our slaughters I shal bee partly reuenged.

And as I thus mutt'red, with roisting phrensie betrainted
 My moother, the godeffe (who was accustomed algats
 Eare this time present to be dusk) most brimly did offer

Her self to visadge, the night with brightnes auoiding.
 Eeune lik as her deitie to the saincts dooth luster in heu'nblisse.
 Shee claspt my right hand, her sweet rose parly thus adding.

Soon, to what od purpose thus meane ye to ruffle in anger?
 What makes you furious? will you caré charie relinquish
 Of mee your moother? Too post with speedines hoamward
 Too father Anchises were best: if seallie Creüsa
 Or the lad Ascanius from murther faultly be breathing.
 Them Greeks assaulting had kild, or turned in ashes
 Had not my deitie their strength ouer highly resisted.
 Not thee Greekish Helen (whose fight thy passion angrie
 Enkindleth) not faultie Paris this cittie represseth.
 This ruin ordained thee gods, and destinie froward.
 Look (for I the moysture whearwith, now mortal, is hindred
 Thy fight, doo bannish, thee darcknesse clowdie remoouing.
 See, that yoo doe folow your moothers destinat order,
 What she the commaundeth to obserue, precisely remember)
 Heere, loe, whear heaps hadgy thow seest disioincted a sunder
 And stoans dismembred from stoans, smooke foggie bedusted,
 Thee wals god Neptune, with mace threeforked vphurleth,
 And cleene their ioinctures from deepe foundation heaueth.
 And the godeesse Iuno ful freight with poysoned enuie
 Thee gates strong warding, foorth from the nauie the Greek foes
 Dooth whoup, freight belted with Steele.
 In tops of turrets see wheare Tritonia Pallas
 Is set, thee Troians killing with Gorgon his eyefight.
 Thee father of deitie thee Greeks dooth mightily courradge:

Through his procurement thee gods thee cittie dishable.
Flee, fle, my sweet darling, let toyls bee finniſhed haſtly.
Thow ſhalt bee ſhielded with my protection alway.
I wil not faile thee to time thow ſaulfly be ſetled.

This ſaid, with darckfoom night ſhade quite clowdie ſhe vannifht.
Grifly faces frowning, eke againſt Troy leaged in hatred
Of ſaincts foure deities did I fee.
Then did I marck plainly thee caſtel of Ilion vplaid,
And Troian building quite topſie turuy rempoued.
Much lik on a mountain thee tree drie withered oaken
Slieft by the clowne Coridon ruſticks with twibbil, or hatchet.
Then the tre deepe minced, far chopt dooth terrifie ſwinckers,
With menacing becking thee branches palfye before tyme,
Until with ſowghing it grunts, as wounded in hacking.
At length with rounſefal, from ſtock vntruncked, it harſfheth.

With gods aſſiſtaunce downe from thee turret I lighted,
Mye tools make paſſadge through flame and hoſtilitie Greekiſh.
Too father Anchifes old houſe thus ſaulfiye retyred,
Foorthwith I dyd purpoſe from thence too defolat hil tops
Mye fyre too carry: but as I this matter had vttered,
Too liue now longer, Troy burnt, hee flatlye reneaged;
Or to dwel as banniſht. But, he ſayd, you luſtye Iuuentus
In yeers and carcaſſe prime, quick and liuelye remayning
Flee you!
If gods omnipotent my life too linger had ordred,
They would theſe lodgings haue ſenſt. Sufficeth it alſo

That Troians misery did I liue to testifie mourneful.
 Good fyrs, bee packing, let my corps heere be reposed,
 My fist shal purchase my death, my foe mercye wil offer
 For the bootye fising. Of graue to be voyded is harmeleffe.
 Long my life I pampred, too gods celestial yrkfoom,
 Syth king of mankind, father of diuinitye total,
 With thundring lightnings, my carcasfe stronglye beblasted.

Theese woords expreffing in one heast hee stiflye remayned :
 Round fel I too weeping, with my spoufe foarie Creüsa,
 With my soon Ascanius, with al eke thee forroful houghold.
 Him we al desired too tame this desperat owtrage,
 Our final slaughte not with such follye to purchase.
 Hee rested wylful lyk a wayward obftinat oldgrey.
 I then alarm shouted, too dy did I verilye purpofe,
 For now what counfayl, what courfe may rightly be taken?

What? father Anchifes, hold you my duetye fo sclender,
 Too flip from Troy towne, and heere you foole to relinquish?
 From the fathers sermons shal such fond patcherye flicker?
 If gods eternal thee laft diffeuered offal
 Of Troy determyn too burne, if you father also
 Your self too murther, too roote youre progenye purpofe,
 Catch that catch may be, thee streete gate too slaughter is open!
 From killing Priamus, dan Pyrrhus thortlye wyl hither,
 Thee sonne fast bye the fyre; thee fyre that murthred at altars.
 Wast for this (moothe) that mee through danger vnharmed
 You led, now my enimies to behold too riffe in hous-feat?

And my soon Afcanius, my fyre, my feallye Cretifa
 For to fe deepe bathed, grooueling in blouds of eche oother?
 Nay then I beeshrew mee: make ye haft fyrs: bring me myne armour.
 Now for a laft farewel do I take me to Greekiſh aſembly.
 Soom Greekes ſhal find it bitter, before al we be ſlaughtred.
 I girt my weapons to my ſide, my tergat I fetled
 On leaſt hand, ſo ruſhing to the ſtreets I poſted in anger.
 But my feete, embracing my pheere, me in the entrie reteyned.
 Too father owtraging thee ſoon ſhee tendred Iulus.

If to die you purpoſe, take vs alſo in coompanie with you.
 If through experience ſoom truſt ye doe ſettel in armoure
 Firſt gard this dwelling, wheare reſts thee childiſh Iulus,
 Wheare father is ſeated, where your ſpouſe named, is harbour'd.

Theſe words owt ſhowting, with her howling the houſe ſhe repleniſht.
 But look, on a ſuddeyn, what chaunce moſt woonderus hapned!
 Tweene father and moother the yong boy fetled Iulus,
 A certeyn lightning on his headtop gliftered harmeleſſe.
 His criſp locks frizeling, his temples prettelye ſtroaking.
 Heer with al in trembling with ſpeede wee ruffled his hearebuſh,
 With water attempting thee flame too mortifie ſacred.
 But father Anchifeſ, mounting his flight to the ſkyward,
 Both the hands vplifting, hart'ly thus his orison vttered.

Iuppiter omnipotent (if that prayer annye the bendeth)
 Us pitie, thy ſeruants, if eke ought our godlines asketh,
 Graunt (father) aſſiſtaunce this mirracle happie to ſtabliſh.

Scant had he this finnisht, when that, with sudden, a thundring
 In the skye did rumble, foorth with their flamed a blazing
 Star, streams owt shooting, yeelding of cleerenes abundaunce.
 Wee noted it glyding from tops of mansion house-place.
 Lastlye, the star fincking in woods wyde of Ida was hidden,
 Right the waye foorth poync̃ting. Thee wood with brightnes apeereth:
 Eech path was fulloom with sent of fulphurus orpyn.
 My father here conquer'd, himself vp lustilye lifted.
 With the godhead parling he the star crinital adareth.

Now, quod he, no lingring, let vs hēce, I am prest to be packing.
 Saulfe my prettie nephew, you gods of countrye, my linnadge!
 You do manadge Troy towne; this is eke your prosperus omen.
 Now, my soon, on forward! thy fyre is prest haftly to tracke thee.

Thus sayd he. Thee flaming to the townewals more nere aproched,
 And the flash of burning with skorching speedines hasted.
 Wel father, in gods name, mount on my shoulder, I pray you!
 This labor is pleasaunt, to me 'tys not paineful or yrcksoom.
 What luck shal betide vs, wee wil be in destinie partners,
 Or good hap, or froward: and let my young lad Iulus
 Next be my companion: my wife may softlye pace after.
 Syrs, you thee seruauents, slack not my woords to remember.
 A tumb to Troy towne and mouldy tempil aneereth,
 Uow'd to the godlye Ceres; a cipresse by the church feat abideth
 By our old progenitours long tyme deuoutlye regarded.
 From diuerse corners to that hewt wee wil make asemblye.

Gripe, father, our countrye deitees! se ye warilye keepe them,
 For sith I with bickrings embrewd so blooddye my fingers.
 I may not, I dare not pollute gods heau'nlye, with handling,
 Until I with fountayn mee wash.

When that I theefe speeches deliuered, I twifted a wallet
 On my broad shoulders, my nape did I fettle eke vnder,
 With lion his yellow darck skyn my carcase I cased.
 My father on shoulders I fet, my yoong lad Iulus
 I lead with right hand, tripping with pit pat vnequal:
 My wife cooms after, through croffe blynd allye we iumble.
 And I that in forenigh was with no weapon agasted,
 And litle esteemed thee swarms of Greekish asemblye
 Now shiuer at shaddows, eeche pipling puf doth amaze me.
 For yong companion, for bedred burden abashed.
 Danger al escaping to the gats I faulfiye repayred.
 Yeet not withstanding a trampling sudden of hoat foot
 Sold'ours vs chafed, to my thincking; my father also
 Casting eye backward cryed owt, foon flee, they doe track vs!
 I doe se theyr brandisht tergats, and brasshappen harneise.
 Now was I from policy forecast with terror amouued,
 For whil't I wandred through streets and passages vncooth,
 My wife departed, my coomfort hartye Creüsa.
 If death her had goared, she behynd if weerye remayned,
 Or strayed in foloing, I knew not truelye: but after
 Unseene shee rested, nor backward skewd I myne eyesight,
 In graue of holye Ceres til that my burden I lighted.
 For shee was missing when al our good coompanye cluftred.

With soon, with family, with mee thee kept not apoinctment.
Too gods, too creaturs I belcht owt blasphemye bawling.
For to me what mischief could chaunce in cittie more hurtful?
My father Anchifes, my chield I took to my feruaunts,
And gods of Troians were coucht in custodye secret.
I to the towne turned close clad with burnished armour,
I was determin'd fully, too ventur al hazards,
Al Troy to trauerse, too suffer danger al hapning.
First did I coom backward to the wals, from whence I remooued,
Too the gate I posted by night, and carefule dogging
Thee way with lightflams, eeche crooked corner I ranfact.
Both with nightye silence was I quayld, and greatlye with horror
Thence did I trudge hoamward, too learne if she haplye returned.
But theare weare the enimies with thronging cluster asembled.
Thee fire heer on fretting with blaze too rafter is heaued.
Thee flams surmounting tenements doo whizze to the skyward.
I ran too Priamus razd court, at castel I gazed,
In cels and temple, that of old too Iuno was apted.
As keeper Phoenix was made, with ruthles Vliffes
Of booty and pillage. Theere Troian treasur is hurded,
That flames escaped, thear stood the rich halloed altars.
Theare massiue gould cups bee layd, theare wardrob abundant
Of roabs most pretiouse, thear ar eke yoong children in order
With cold hart moothers, for Greekish victorie quaking,
Setled on al fides.
I, stoutly emboldned with night shade, rayfed an howting,
With mournful bell'ing I nam'de expreslye, Creüsa.
In vayne with sobbing was oft that od echo repeated.
In this guise frantyeck as I ran through cittie with howling

I

I noted on fuddeyn the ghost of veye Creüfa.
 And her woonted image, to me knowne, mad her elfish aparance.
 Heere with I was daunted, my hear star'd, and speechles I stutted.
 Then to me thus speaking, my carck in searck she remooued.

This labor, ô husband, too no great purpose auayleth,
 For this hap is chaunced by the gods prefixed apointment;
 Hence it is vnlawfull with you too carrie Creüfa.
 That trauayl is shortned by the king of sacred Olympus.
 Thow must with surges bee bang'd and pilgrimage yrckfoom.
 In land Hesperian thow shalt bee faulfiye receaued,
 Wheare glydes through cornefields, with streaming secrecy, Tibris.
 Theare doe lye great kingdooms, and queene most princely bespoken
 For the, mye kind husband for mee grief therefor abandon.
 Now me the Myrmidones for captiue prifoner hold not,
 Nor sterne snuff Dolopans, and Greekish matron I serue not,
 Of Venus in wedlock thee daughter.
 Of gods thee moother me in this my countrie reteyneth.
 Fare ye wel, ô husband, our yoong babie charily tender.

This fayd, shee vannisht, and though that I fadly required
 Too confer further, yeet shee too tarrye renounced.
 Thryce did I theare coouet, to col, to clasp her in armes.
 Thryce then thee spirit my catching swiftlye refused.
 Much lyk to a pufwind, or nap that vannished haftlye.
 Thee twilight twinckled, foorth I to my coompanie pofted.
 Whear soone I perceiued with woonder a multitud hudgie
 Of men with woomen too this layre newly repayed.
 Thee younger Troians, thee meaner wretched asemblye

Round to me did clufter, with purfe and perfon abiding
Prest, through furgie waters with mee to feek their auenturs.
Lucifer owtpeaking in tips of mounted hil Ida
On draws thee dawning. Thee Greeks with custodie watchful,
Warded thee towngats, hoap here of no succor abideth.
I fhrunck, and my father to the crowne of mounten I lifted.

FINIS LIBRI SECUNDI.



The Third Booke of Virgil his Aeneis.

WHEN guiltlesse Asian kingdome sterne destinie quasshed,
With Priamus country when squy's'd was the Ilian empyre,
When Troy was razed, quight from foundation hoyfed:
Foorth to run exiled, to feeke foom forren auentures,
By gods we are warned. We rig'd our nauie flat vnder
Haut hil of Antander, not far from mounten of Ida.

Then we wer vncerteyn too what faulf foyle to betake vs.
Men to vs thick crowded: scant was prime summer aproched,
When father Anchises to the seas thee coompanie charged.
I, salt tears sheding, my natiue countrie relinquisht,
Thee roads and plat fourms where Troy stood. Sad to the seaward
With my companions and with my yoong son Iulus
With gods, mightie patrons, my course and passage I bended.

A large wyld region theare stands, Mauortia cleaped,
Thracia foom terme it: theare raig'n'd thee blouddie Lycurgus:
The Troian leage feat, with fastned freendship abiding

Whil'ft fortune floated. With croffe blaſt thither I ſayled,
On ſhoare eke I founded townewals, by deſtinie luckleſſe:
Of my name, Aeneidans dwellers, theare fetled, I named.
Too Venus and the ſacred remnant of thee holie triumphaunt
I fram'd a ſacrifice, the begun woork lucklye to proſper,
And to Ioue omnipotent a bul neere ſeaſide I ſlaughtred.
A tumb theare reſted by chaunce cloſe ſhaded al vpward
With twigs thick crumpled, with myrtel moſſye thear edging.
I drew neere, minding too roote fro cel earthie the thicket,
With thee flips greeniſh too deck thee new ſhaped altars.
I view'd with woondring a griſly monſterus hazard!
For the tre ſupplanted, that fiſt fro the roote ſeat is haled,
With drop drop trilling of ſwart blud filtred abundance.
Thee ground black ſteyning: then foorth with a quiueriſh horror
My ioyncts child ranſackt, my bloud with terror apaling.
At the ſecond pulling, when an oother wicker is vp pluckt.
Theareby the whole matter foorth with more deepelye to ferret,
From that ſtub likewise foorth ſpirt drops bluddelye ſtilling.
With this hap entangled, thee ſweete nymphs rural I woorthipt,
And god Mars the regent of that foyle crabbed adoring,
Too turne too goodneſſe this fight and merciles omen.
But when I, thee third time, with grype more fiercelye did offer,
My knees faſt pitching on ſands, too pluck vp an oother:
(What? ſhal I chat further? from ſpeeche ſhal ſecrecye bar mee?)
From pits deepe bottoom dooth ſkritche a woonderus howling,
With playnts moſt pitiful to our ears thus ſadlye rebounding!
Woorthye fyr Æneas, why with this boutcherye teare you
A caytife forlorne? Extend your mercye to dead folck!
Foule not your ſacred hands: you rack no forrener owtaſt,

You rent a Troian. Theefe drops from shrubs doe not issue.
Oh, flee this canibal cuntry, this couetous island.
I am nam'd fir Polydor; with darts fel nayled, heer vnder
I lodge: which thicket thus growne me terriblye stingeth.
I ftud al aftonied, my hear ftar'de, and speechles I refted.
This Polydor whillon with pure gould mightilye loaden,
Preeuilye by Priamus, thee Troian rector vnhappye,
Too king Treicius was fent, to be charilye noozeld.
But when this gardein perceiu'd the aduerfitie Troian,
And that theire cittie thee Greecian armye befieged;
He leaues thee conquer'd, and clingd to the party triumphant.
Al truft fowlye breaking; thee poore Polydorus is headleffe
Through wicked murder, thee gold thee traytor vp hurdeth.
What feat or endeuours of gould thou confecrat hunger
Mens minds constrain't not with wiles or vertue to coompaffe!
When that I tooke courradge, when pangs al feareful I bannifht,
I told the chiefteyns, and namely my good father adged
This ftrange aduenture, their iudgements alfo requiring.
Swiftly they determin'd too flee from a cuntrye fo wicked,
Paltocks inne leauing, too wrinche thee nauie too fouthward.
For Polydor wee fram'd an obit: wee tumbled in heapwife
Of ftoans a clufter, with black weede the altar is hanged,
With tree fwartye cipers: Troy dames with cuftomed vfadge
Trol round, downe tracing with their difcheaueled hearlocks.
Wee pour'd milck luke warme foaming, and bloud facred after.
With maine noyfe lifted to the flayne foule laftlye we shouted.
When foft gale fotherne and calme fea falfye did offer,
My mates lancht forward their fleete, from fhore we be glyding;
Thee roads, thee cuntrye, thee towns fro our nauie be gadding.

In the myd of the fearowme theare ftands a plentiful ifland
 Too thee dame of myrmayds, too Neptune princely relying.
 This was roundlye bayed (for fo the Ioue heu'nlye did order)
 With Mycone, and eke with Giarus, two famofed iflands.
 Theare refting habitants no wind flaws ftormye regarded.
 Too this ifle I failed, we faulfly did harbor in hauen.
 When we were al landed, we the cittie of Phœbus adored.
 King Anius, king of the inhabitants, and priest of Apollo,
 Crown'd with frefh garland, with laurels confecrat headband,
 Glad met vs, alfo knowing Anchifes adged, his old freend.
 Theare we fhake hands kindly, foorthwith we are fettled in hoftry.
 In the old built tempil thus thee god Phœbus I worfhipt.

Soom bye place of refting graunt vs, moft facred Apollo!
 Yeeld wals to vs wery, foom flock, foom towne for abiding,
 Saulue the fecond Troy towne, thee fcaaps of wrathful Achilles,
 Of Greeks thee rellicks. By what king fhall we be ruled?
 What man is our captaine? Too what foyl worldly to iourney,
 Thow dooft commaund vs? Where fhall we be laftly repofed?
 Shew, father, a prophecie; poure downe thy good oracle heu'nly!

Scant had I thus fpoken, when feats al quiu'red about vs.
 Thee doors, thee laurel, thee mount with terribil earthquake
 Doo totter fhiuering, with rumbling mutterus eccho.
 Then too vs squat grooueling, in this wife the oracle aunfwer'd.

You brawn'd hard Troians, what foile your auncetrie feifed
 Firft of al old countreis, to the fame you fhall be reduced.

Track out your moother, whom long antiquitie graunted.
 With feed of Æneas shal coompasse earthly be ruled.
 His foons foons, and foons from their braue progenie springing.

Thus god Apollo cried: but wee with an vnifone owtrise,
 And with iolly tumult, where should that cittie be fetled
 Streightways demaunded, what place god Phoebus apointed?

My father Anchises vp al old antiquitie ripping,
 Heare me, quod hee, lordinges, learne the expectation hoaped.
 Thee Creet ile in midseas dooth stand too Iuppiter hallow'd:
 Theare mount Ide resteth, thee spring of progenie Troian.
 A fruitful kingdome, with towns in number an hundred.
 Hence our progenitour (so I faile not in historie told mee)
 Surnamed Teucus first came too Rheteian island.
 Theare pitcht he his kingdome, for then Troy cittie was vnbuilt,
 And castels stood not, the habitants in vallie remained.
 Theare dwelt dame Cybele in forrest of defolat Ida.
 And moonewife Coribants on braffe their od harmonie tinckling.
 Thence cooms trustie silence vs'd in sollemnitie sacred.
 And two stately lions this fine dames gilt wagon haled.
 Wisely let vs thearefor too gods direction harcken:
 Let winds bee fwaged, foorth with too Candie be packing.
 Short is thee passadge (so that our god Iuppiter help vs!)
 In three days failing wee shal too Candie be puffed.

This discourse eended, too the altars holie returning,
 A bul too Neptune, with a bul too golden Apollo,

Hee likewise slaught'ed too roaring winter a black beaft,
But the sweet west wind a best whit lillie was offred.

Theare fleeth a rumour, that king of Candie relinquisht
His feat, that the island is left vnfurnished wholly.
Wee left Ortigian countrey, with nauie we paffed
By mounts of Nazon too skincking Bacchus allotted.
From thence wee trauailed to the greenedeckt gaily Donyfa:
To Oleoron, too lillie Paron, to the Cyclades also
Disperf'd and scatter'd, and neere creeks fundrie we failed.

Thee thickskin mariners shouted with sudden agreement.
My maats assented to bend too Candie the passadge.
Thee wind puft forward with sweete gale freely the nauie:
At length by sayling on land of Candie we lighted.
First then at our landing towne wals I ther hastily founded.
Pergamea I cal'd it, that name they gladly receaued.
By me they were counsaill'd too build vp sumptuous houfes.
Also by this season too docks our nauie was haled.
Thee youth too wedlock and tilladge thriftily clustred.
Both laws and tenements I fram'd. But streight on a suddein
A plagueie boch ranged, with foule contagion airie
Both bodies festring and fruit trees plentiful harming.
A yeere too dismal! For sweete life swiftly was eended,
Thee fields cleene fruitlesse thee dogstar Sirius heated,
Thee flour's wax with'red, thee foyle fruits plentye renegeth.
My father exhorted too turne too sacred Apollo,
For toe craue our pardon when should this iourney be finnisht,
Or trauail expyred, by what means might we be furthred?

K

Thee night his mantel dooth spred: with slumber is holden
 Eche liuing creature, then my holye domestical housgods,
 In last nights fyrebroyls; that from Troy skorched I faulued,
 In gliftred shining in a dreame toe me made thear aparauunce,
 Jump at the wyndoors, where moonshine brimlye did enter;
 Thus to me they parled, shredding of forroful anguish.

Syr, to ye what foothfay to record dooth purpose Apollo,
 Heere that he dischargeth? we be sent too signify his errand.
 Wee skapte frō Troybrands bye thye courradge manfulye shielded,
 And bye thye good guiding through sea-plash stormye we marched.
 Wee thee fame pilgrims wyl yeeld to thye progenye glorye,
 And rule too citty. Let townewals mightye be raifed
 Streight by the for mighty persons: let no reason hold thee
 From flight: this countrey must bee forsaken: Apollo
 Meant not, in his prophecy, thy course too Candye to further!
 Theare stands a region, by Greeks it is Hesperye named,
 A stout old countrey, with plenty fertil abounding.
 Theare dwelt th' Oenotrians, but now by the coompanye yonger
 Of thee first captayn valiaunt, it is Italye termed:
 Our feat theare resteth: theare borne was Dardanus adged,
 And father Iāsius: from whence our auncetrie sprouted.
 Wherefore in al gladnesse to thine old fire certifie tidings:
 Skud to foyl Italian, from Candie the Iuppiter haleth.

With theese gods gingling, with fight most geason apaled,
 (For to my ful seeming with slumber I was not atached:
 I knew their tuckt locks, I knew their phisnomie present,

A cold sweat saltish through my ioinets fiercely did enter)
 From my bed I started: to the skie with meeknes I lifted
 My hands deuoutly praying, then too my fortunat hous-gods
 I fram'd a sacrifice: next with ioy tickled I posted
 Too my fire Anchises: and told the matter in order.
 Hee noted his stumbling to haue coom from the auncetry doubtful,
 And dubil acceptaunce of fyers to haue foftered his erreure.

O my foon Æneas, with Troian destinie toughned,
 Thee self same prophecy too mee Cassandra recited:
 Now cal I too memory that thee this countrie remembred,
 Often at Hesperian regions, and Italye glauncing.
 But to foyl Hesperian that Troy men should be remooued,
 What wight coniectur'de? who would Cassandra then harcken?
 Accept wee therefor this course, and credit Apollo.

Thus sayd: we assented to his lore with cheereful obeyfaunce.
 Wee leaue Creete country; and our sayls vnwrapped vphoyfing.
 With wooden vefsel thee rough seas deepelye we furrowe.
 When we fro land harbours too mayne seas gyddye did enter
 Uoyded of al coast fight, with wild flouds roundly bebayed,
 A watrie clowd gloomming, ful abooue mee clampred, apeered,
 A sharp storme menacing, from fight beams sunnye reiecting:
 Thee flaws with rumbling, thee wrought fluds angrye doe iumble:
 Up swel thee surges, in chauffe sea plashie we tumble:
 With the rayn, is daylight through darcknesse moyftie bewrapped,
 And thundring lightbolts from torne clouds firy be flashing.
 Wee doe mis our passadge through fel fluds boyfterus erring,
 Our pilot eke, Palinure, through dimnesse clowdye bedusked

In poynets of coompasse dooth stray with palpabil erreure.
 Three dayes in darckneffe from bright beams sunny repealed,
 And three nights parted from lightning starrye we wandred.
 Thee fourth day folowing thee shoare, neere fetled, apeered,
 And hils vppeaking; and smoak swift stream'd to the skyward.
 Our sayls are strucken, we roa foorth with speedines hafty,
 And the sea by our mariners with the oars cleene canted is harrow'd;
 On shoars of Strophades from storme escaped I landed,
 For those plats Strophades in language Greekish ar highted,
 With the sea coucht islands. Where foule bird foggye Celæno
 And Harpy is nestled: since franckling Phines his houfroume
 From them was funder'd, and fragments plenty remooued.
 No plague more perilous, no monfter grislye more ouglye,
 No Stigian vengeaunce like too theese carmoran haggards.
 Theese fousls like maidens are pynde with phisnomie palish;
 With ram'd cram'd garbadge, their gorges draftye be gulled,
 With tallants prowling, their face wan withred in hunger,
 With famin vpspoken!
 When t'ward theese islands our ships wee fetled in hauen,
 Neere, we view'd grasing heards of bigge franckye fat oxen,
 And goats eke cropping carelesse, not garded of heerdman.
 Wee rusht with weapons, parte of the bootye we lotted
 First to Ioue. On banck fyds our selues with food we repofed.
 But, loa, with a fuddeyn flushing thee galligut Harpeys
 From mountayns flitter, with gagging whirlingye flapping
 Their wings: foorth the viand fro tabils al greedily snatching,
 With fulfoom fauour, with stincking poyfoned ordure
 Thee ground they smeared, theartoo skriches harfhye reioyning.
 Then we fet al the tabils, and fyrde our mystical altars

Under a rock arched, with trees thick couered ouer.
 At the fecond fitting from parcels fundry repayred
 This coouie rauenoufe, and swift with a desperat onfet,
 They gripte in tallants the meat, and foorth fpourged a ftincking
 Foule carrayne fauoure: then I wil'd thee coompanye prefent,
 Too take their weapons, and fight with mifcheuus howlets.
 My wil at a becking is doon, they doe run to their armour,
 In graffe their flachets, and tergats warilye pitching.
 But when at a thyrd flight theefe fowls to the coompanye neered,
 With shrill braffe trumpet Mifenus fowned alarum.
 Oure men marcht forward, and fierce gaue a martial vncoth
 Charge, theefe ftrange vulturs with ffirmifh bluddye to maifter.
 But ftrokes their feathers pearf'd not, nor carcäfes harmed;
 And toe fkye they foared, thee victals clammye behind them
 They do leaue haulf mangled with fent vnfaur'ye bepoudred.
 On the typ of rockifh turret flood gäftly Celæno,
 Unlucky propheteffe; and thus fhe recounted her errand.

And now fyr Troians, wil you for flaughter of oxen
 And for al our owne good wage war with fellye poore Harpeys?
 And vs from kingdoom bannifh? Then take me this errand:
 And what I fhäl prophecy with tentiue liflines harcken,
 What loue too Phœbus, too me alfo what vtred Apollo.
 I, the chiefe hel fyrebrand of fel furye mifcheuus holden,
 Wil now difcoouer thee felf fame myfterie told mee.
 Italye you long for, to the land eke of Italye faulfiye
 You fhäl bee guided with winds, and fetled in hauen;
 Yeet notwithstanding ere conquer'd cittye be rampyrde,

For this youre trespass you shal be so gaunted in hunger,
That your smeary tabils you wil most greedilye swallow.

Thus she sayd: and forward to the wood she flickered haftlye,
At this hap our feloes with feareful phantasie daunted,
Stood stil al astonied with cold bloud, like gely, quiu'ring.
They doe quayl in courradge, and with no martiall armour,
But by ther holye prayers they doe practise peaceful atonement.
If godefesse, if birds stincking, or bugs they resembled!

But father Anchises his palms from strond-plat inhauncing
On gods heun'lye crieth, to ther heft with duetie relying:
Gods, quod he, this messadge turne you to a prosperus omen.
Cancel theese menacing foothings, thee godlye referuing.

Thus sayd: swift we weyed the anchors, and sayles vphoyfed,
With northern bluster through some seas speedilye flitting,
As the gale and the pilot with steering skilful vs haleth.
In midil of the sea deepe wee saw thee wooddye Zacynthos,
Dulichium, Samee, with cragged Neritos hard stond.
Wee fle the rocks of Ithack, and coast of princely Laërtes,
Also we the birth place detest of flinted Vliesses.
The mount Leucates with thick clouds gloommye bedawbed
Up peaks to the viewing, with feareful point of Apollo.
Theare we were enshoared quight tyr'de, and on to the borrough
As we gad, our vessels vpdrowne are grapled at anchor.
Theare we being landed faulfly through fortun vnhoaped,
Too Ioue wee sacrifice, fundry hostes are flamed on altars,

And Troian pastimes wee practise in Actean island.
 Soom feloes naked with larding smearye bebafted.
 With wraftling gambalds for price, for maistrerie do struggle
 Merrie for escaping thee towns and Grecian hamlets,
 Through their deadly foes their passage luckie recounting :

Thee whil't faire Phœbus thee yeers course roundly reuolued,
 And seas, with north blast and winter frostie, be roughned :
 A brazen hudge tergat, that Abans erst fenced in armour,
 On post I nailed, thee cling'd shield this posie beareth,
This signe Æneas from Greekish conqueror haled.
 I gaue commaund'ment fro the port to the ships to be packing.
 My maats skum the sea froth there in oares strōg cherily dipping ;
 Thee Pheacan turrets foorthwith from fight we relinquish,
 Wee coast Epëirus, thence wee touche Chaön his hauen,
 And to the great burrough of Butthrot stately we skudded.
 Heere, loe, through our hyring a report incredibil, vncoth,
 Glides, that prince Helenus, by Troian lineal offspring
 Sonne too king Priamus, this Greekish cuntrye reteyneth,
 Thee pheere possessing and crowne of Pyrrhus his empyre ;
 Also that Andromachee dooth bed with a cuntrye man husband.
 Theese news mee mazing, my mind was greedilye whet'ned,
 Too parle with the regent, too lerne this meruelus hapning.
 I stept from the hauen, leauing my nauie behind mee.

Happely that season foome banckets costlye, with oother
 Lamenting presents (in shade to the cittie reioyning
 Neere water of Simois both deeply and warilye fliding)
 Andromachee framed to the dust, on tumb eke of Hector

Calling with burial yelling, that al emptie remayned:
With greene turf circled; from thence right on she repayred,
For cause of further mourning, too consecrat altars.
When she did espy mee posting, and Troyical armoure
Too too gyddie viewed, with vnordinat extasies hamper'd,
Downe she fel on fuddeyn, thee cold too carcas aprocheth:
Shee fowns, and after long paufing thus she sayd elflyke.

Is thy true plaine visadge with tru shape natural offred?
Imp of a statelye godeffe, bring'ft thou to me verily tidings?
Art thou yeet liuing? or the if light worldly relinquitht,
Tel me where is my husband, my fweeting delicat Hector?

Thus sayd: al in blubbring shee floath, with clamorus howling
Thee place shee tinckled: but I through pangs vncoth vnhabled,
With stutting flamerig at length thus fumbled an aunswer.

I doe liue, I assure thee, though dangers fundrye me taynted,
Doubt ye not, a changling ye fe none.
Lord, what good fortune thee lack of pristinat husband
Hath toe thy contentment with new match luckye releued?
Possesseth Pyrrhus thee spouse of famosed Hector?

Downe she smote her visadge, to me thus ful smoothly replying,
O Priamus daughter, thee virgin princely, thrife happye
Thou that by thy foes neere Troy wals slaughtered hast beene.
By this hap escaping thee filth of lottarye carnal.
Too couche not mounting of maister vanquisher hoat spur.
But we, by croffe passadge from flamed countrye remoued,

Thee pride of a stripling and ymp of wrathful Achilles
 Haue borne with thralldoom, with sharp captiuitie fetter'd,
 Hee to fine Hermionee, for Greeks a bootie to peereleffe,
 Daughter to queene Helen, fast and hoat phantasie bended.
 Me his niese to his seruauent Helenus ful firmly betroathed.
 But yeet vnexpected with iealosie kendled Orestes
 For los of his bedmate, did take too tardie my maister,
 Him by his fires altars killing with skarboro warning.
 When fro Neoptolemus thee vital spirit abated
 This part was to Helenus by willed parcerie lotted:
 Chaonian countreys of Troian Chaön ycleaped:
 This towne Troy cittie, this castel eke Ilion highting.
 But to the what passadge thee winds and fortun allotted?
 Or what great deity toft thee to our desolate angle?
 How fares Ascanius? doth he liue, and breathful abideth?
 Whom to the now Troy towne
 Dooth the los of moother to the child bring soroful anguish?
 Are sparcks of courradge in this yong progenie kindled
 By father Æneas, with his vncke martial Hector?

Theese toyes shee pratted mourning, griefs newly refreshing.
 Thee whil't king Helenus, with a crowding coompanie garded,
 From towne to vs buskling, vs as his freends freēdly bewelcom'd,
 Us to his new cittie with curtesie chereful he leadeth;
 With tears rief trickling faucing eech question asked,
 I march on forward: and yoong Troy finely refembling
 Thee big huge old monument, and new brooke Zanthus I knowledge.
 With the petit townegats fauoring the principal old portes.
 Also my companions in country citty be frolick:

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Into the verie palaice the prince theim wholly receaueth.
 With whip cat bowling they kept a merrie caroufing,
 Thee goulden mazurs vp skinckt for a bon viage hoyfing.
 There we did al foiourne two dayes: then a prosperus hizling
 Of south blast, puffing on sayles dooth summon vs onward.
 Too thee, princely prophet, thus I spake, him freendly requesting.

O sacred Troyan, thee light of misserie darckned,
 Of gods thee spoaks mate, thee truchman of hallo'd Apollo:
 By the god entrusted by stars for to ominat eeche thing,
 By flight and chirping birds to prognosticat aptly:
 Poure foorth thy prophecy (for too mee prosperus hazards
 Eeche found relligion foretold, mee to Italie posting,
 Only on displeasaunt foule shapt bird, the harpie Celæno
 Forwarns much mischiefe to coom with dangerus hunger)
 In theese stormie perils too what faulf porte shal I take mee?

King Helenus slaughtering, with woont accustomed heyfers,
 Peace craues of the godhead, from front the label vn hanging,
 Mee by the hand, trembling hee leads to thy mistery (Phœbus)
 Thee priest this prophecie from gods direction op'ned.

Thou soon of holy Venus (for th'art by fetled apoinctment
 Of gods mighty power to exployts most doughtie referued,
 Thus thy fate establisht dooth rest, so thy fortun is ordred)
 Of poinctes fundrie wil I to the shape but a curtal abridgement,
 Too the eend in thy trauail thow maist the more heedly be lesson'd,
 And passe to Italian region, thus shortly reherfing
 Peece meale prettie parings: for too tel a summarie total,

Thee fates king Helenus dooe bar, with Iuno the Saturne.
Wheare thou suppoest therefor, that here Italie fast by
Dooth stand, and mindest to fail with speede to that hauen:
Withdraw thy iudgement from that grosse cosmical error.
Italie is hence parted by long croffe dangerous inpaths.
In flud Trinacrian thy great oars must deeply be bathed,
And the sea rough wurcking, must eeke with nauie be trauerst,
And Circes island se ye must with Limbo lake hellish:
Ere ye shal in saulf land of a nobil cittie be founder.
Glaunce I wil at certein tokens, be ye watchful in harckning.
When ye shal in secret with care neere fresh water happen,
Too spie by thee banck fides a straunge low mightily fixed,
Compassed al roundly with sucklings thirtie too number,
White, with lillie colours faire deckt, shue shal be repofed
On ground, dug dieting her milckwhit farroed hoglings.
Heere shal cease thy labours: heere shal thy cittie be builded.
Feare not thee manging fortold of bird feat in hunger,
Thee fates thee passage shal smooth, yea goulden Apollo,
If ye wil him summon, shal bee to the fourth readie coomming.
But this neere setled countrie (that of Italie is holden
Parcel) see ye shun it: for theare Greeks ireful ar harbourd.
Heere the man of Locrus mounted steepe stately the townwals,
And fields of Salent with trouping clustered armie
Lyctius Idomeneus dooth keepe: so duke Melibœus
Holds the prettie Petil round compass strong by Philoctect.
Also, when in faulty from seas the nauie shal harbour,
When rites religious thou voweest on new shaped altars,
With purple vesture bee deckt, with purpil eke hooded,

Least that in aduancing thee gods with fire cole heating,
 Soom difmal visadge foorth peake thee misterie marring.
 Thou with thy feloes obserue this customed order.
 And by thy posteritie let theefe rites duelye be fostred.
 With winds neere to Sicil when that thy nauie shal enter,
 And strays shal be op'ned neere craggy vnweildye Pelorus,
 With lefthand sayling to the leftside countrie be packing:
 What stands on right side both land and channel abandon.
 Theese shoars were fundred by the plash breache, fame so doth vtter,
 (So things transitory by lengthned season ar eaten)
 For when theese countries were grapled ioinctlye togeather,
 Swift the sea with plashing rusht in, townes terriblye drenching,
 Italye disioyncting with short streicts from Sicil island,
 Scylla doth on right side rough stand, and deadlye Charybdis
 On left hand swelleth with broad iaws greedily galping,
 Into gut vpsouping three times thee flash water angrye,
 From paunch alsoe spuing toe the sky the plash hastlye receaued.
 But Scylla in cabbans with sneaking treacherie lurketh,
 Close and slye spyng, too flirt thee nauie to rock bane.
 A man in her visadge, then a virgin faire she resembleth
 Downe to her gasty nauel, like a whale from thee belye seeming,
 Monsterus, vnseemely, then a taile like a dolphin is added
 Iumbled vp of fauadge fel wolfs, with grislye lol hanging.
 It wil be faulfer too passe thee countrie Pachynus,
 With leasure lingring, and far streicts crabbye to circle,
 Than to be surprised by Scylla in dungeon hellish.
 Whear curs barck bawling, with yolp yalpe snarrye rebounding.
 Also, if king Helenus bee now for a tru prophet holden,

If faith bee refiaunt, if trouth to him graunteth Apollo:
Thow foon of heu'nly godeffe, this poinct I chieflie fhall vtter,
And befide al warnings eftfoons it muft be repeated:
Let Iunoes deitee with duetie be woorshiped humble.
Unto her frame thy prayers, let myftrefse mighty be vanquifht
With meek'ned presents, and then like a conqueror happye
From land Trinacrian thou fhalt bee to Italye pofted.
When ye in this paffadge to Cumas cittie fhall enter,
And lake with rumbling forreft of sacred Auerna,
A braynfick propheteffe fe ye fhall, whom dungeon holdeth
In ground deepe riueted, future haps and deftinie chaunting.
But yeet al her prophecies in greene leaues nicely befcribed,
In theefe flipprie leaues what footh thee virgin auerreth,
See frams in poetry: her verfes in dungeon howfing,
They keepe rancks ordred, with aray firft fetled abiding:
But when on a fuddeyn thee doors winds blaftie doe batter,
And theefe leaues greenifh with whifking lightly be fcatter'd,
Neauer dooth fhe laboure to reuoke her flittered iffue,
Or to place in cabban, their floane lym freshly reioyning.
Thus they fle, detefting thee lodge of giddie Sibylla:
Heere for a fpirt linger, no good opportunitie fcaping.
(Although thee to feaward thy pofting coompanie calleth,
And winds vaunce fully thy fayls with prosperus huffing)
Poft to this propheteffe, let her help and footh be required.
Shee wil giue notice to the freight of al Italye dwellers:
How thow wifely trauayls fhalt fhun, fhalt manfulye fuffer.
Theare fhe wil inftreft thee, thy paffadge fortunat ayding.
Theefe be fuch od caueats, as I to the freendlye can vtter.
Foorth: and with thy valor let Troian glory be mounted!

When this princely prophet this counsayl faithful had eended,
Hee wils that presents of gould, ful weightily poyfing,
Bee brought to our veffels, and therewith eke iuorie pullisht:
Plenty great of filuer, with plate most sumptuous adding.
And a shirt mayled with gould, with a crested vp helmet.
Lately Neoptolemus posselt this martial armoure.
My father Anchifes rich presents also receaueth.
Horfes eke and captayns are sent.
And oars to our veffels be brought, and weapon abundante.
Thee whil't Anchifes wyls that thee nauie be launched,
Leaft that in our loytring our paffadge lucky wer hindred.
Him prophet of Phœbus dooth treat with dignitie peereleffe.

Anchifes, whom stately Venus tak's woorthy for husband,
Thee charge of deitee, now twife from Troy ruin haled,
Italye see yonder! thither with nauie be squdding.
Howbeit theefe parcels in fayling must be refused,
Seeke the far and distant country declar'd of Apollo.
Fare ye wel, happye parent of a foon so worthy! what ought els
Should I fay? what maks mee this gale so fortunat hinder?

Also good Andromachee, with laft departur al heauye,
Presented vestures of gould most ritchelye bebroyded.
And my lad Afcanius with a Troian mantel adorning,
Weau'd woorcks thwackt with honor, to her gifts this parlye she lincketh.

Take, my boy, theefe tokens by myn owne hands finnish'd holy.
Let thefe of Andromachee thee good wyl testifye lafting.

Cherrish theefe presents by the pheere to the tendred of Hector.
 O, next Aftianax, thee type by me chieflie belooued,
 In vifadge, looking, eke in hands thee fullye refembling.
 Who had ben, if hee liued, for yeers now youthlye thine equal.

I for a long farewel this fonnet forroful vtred.
 Reft ye ftill heere bleffed, that now youre fortun haue eended:
 Wee to future mifchiefe from former danger ar hurled.
 You reft in fre quiet, thee feas you need not vpharrow.
 You reck not, to trauayle, that back goeth, Italye ferching.
 Heere the image of Zanthus ye behold, and prettye Troy buylded
 By youre princelye labours, and too this new fhaped engyn
 Thee gods fend fortune, fro affaultes too fortifye Greekiſh.
 If that I too Tybris with nèere but countrye ſhal enter,
 And that I ſhal fortune to behold thee towne by me founded:
 Italye with the Epier, too both king Dardanus author,
 Shal be knit in freendſhip, making of two pepil one Troy.
 This leage eke of feloſhip ſhal bee manteyned of iffue.

Foordth we goe too the ſeaward, wee fayle bye Ceraunia ſwiftly.
 Wheare too ioyntlye mearing a cantel of Italye neereth.
 Thee whilſte thee funbeams are maikt, hyls darcklye be muffed:
 Wee be put hard ioygning to the boofom of countrye requyred.
 Oure felfs wee cherrifht, oure members flumber atached,
 Not yeet was mydnight ouerhyed, when that Palinurus,
 From bed nimbley fleeth, too ſe what quarter it huffeth:
 How ſtands thee wind blaſt, with liſtning tentiue he marcketh,
 Thee lights ſtarrye noting in globe celeftial hanging:
 Thee ſeu'n ſtars ſtormy, twife told thee plowſtar, eke Arcture,

Also sad Orion, with goulden flachet, in armoure.
 When that he perceaued the coast to be cleere, then he summon'd
 Oure men too ship boord, thee camp wee swiftly remooued.
 Foorth we take oure passadge, oure sayles ful winged vp hoyfting,
 Thee stars are darckned, glittering Aurora refhined.
 Wee doe se swart mountayns, we doe gaze eke at Italye dimmed.
 Italye ! loe yonder, first Italye ! shewted Achates.
 Italye land naming, lykewise the coompanye greeted !
 Then father Anchises a gould boul massye becrowning,
 With wyne brym charged, thee gods celestial hayleth,
 In ship thus speaking.

You gods of sayling, of land flats mightie remayning,
 Graunt to vs milde passadge, and tempest mollifie roughning !

Sweete gales are breathing, and porte neere feated apeereth :
 In the tyf of mountayne thee temple of hautye Minerua
 Glad we spyre : thee mariners strike sayles, and row to the shoareward.
 The hauen from the eastcoast, in bowewife, crooked apereth.
 Thee rocks sternely facing with salt flouds spumie be drumming.
 Downe the road is lurking, yeet two peers loftie run vpwad
 From stoans like turrets : fro the shoare thee tempil auoydeth.
 Heere, for a first omen, fowre fayre steeds snow white I marcked,
 Thee pasture shredding in fieldes : This countrie doth offer,
 Quod father Anchises, garboyls, so doe signifye war steeds.
 Yeet stay : the self horses in waynes erst ioinctlye were hooked,
 Al yoked, and matchlike teamed with common agreement,
 This loe, quod hee, bringeth firme hoape for peaceable vfadge.
 Then we honored Pallas, that graunted a luckye beginning :

Also before the altars oure heads with purpil ar hooded,
 In Troy rites, Helenus faithful direction holding.
 And with fetled honor thee Greekish Iuno we woorthipt.
 Heere we doe not linger; thee vowd follemnitye finnisht,
 Up we gad, owt spredding our sayls, and make to the seaward:
 Al creeks mistrustful with Greekish countrye refusing.
 Hercules his dwelling (if brute bee truelye reported)
 Wee fe, Tarent named, to which heu'nyl Lacinia fronteth,
 And Caulons castels we doe spie, with Scylla the wreckmake.
 Then far of vplandish we doe view thee fir'd Sicil Ætna.
 And a seabelch grounting on rough rocks rapfulye frapping
 Was hard; with ramping bounce clapping neer to the seacoast
 Fierce the waters ruffle, thee sands with wrought floud ar hoyfed.

Quod father Anchises, heere loe that scuruye Charybdis.
 Theese stoans king Helenus, theese ragd rocks rusty fore vttred.
 Hence hye, mye deere feloes, duck the oars, and stick to the tacklings.

Thus sayd he, the swiftly this his heaft thee coompanie practife.
 First thee pilot Palinure thee steerd ship wrigs to the lefthand.
 Right so to thee same boord thee maysters al wrye the vessels.
 Up we fle too skyward with wild flouds hautye, then vnder
 Wee duck too bottom with waues contrarye repressed.
 Thus thrife in oure diuing thee rocks moste horribly roared:
 And thrife in oure mounting to the stars thee farges vs heaued,
 Thee winds and foonbeams vs, poore fouls wearye, refused,
 And to foyl of Cyclops with wandring iournye we roamed.
 A large roade fenced from rough ventositye bluftring.

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But neere ioynctlye brayeth with rufflerye rumboled Ætna.
 Soomtyme owt it bolcketh from bulck clowds grimly bedimmed.
 Like fyerd pitche skorching, or flash flame sulphurus heating :
 Flownce to the stars trowing thee fire like a pellet is hurled,
 Ragd rocks vp raking : and guts of mounten yrented
 From roote vp he iogleth : stoans hudge slag molten he rowfeth :
 With route snort grumbling, in bottom flash furie kendling.
 Men say that Enceladus with bolt haulf blasted here harbrouht,
 Ding'd with this squifing and massiue burthen of Ætna,
 Which pres on him nailed from broached chimnys stil heateth.
 As oft as the giant his brold fyds croompeled altreth,
 So oft Sicil al shiuereth, therewith flaks smoakye be sparckled.

That night in forrest to vs pouke bugs ghaftlye be tendred.
 Thee cause wee find not, for noyse phantastical offred.
 Thee stars imparted no light, thee welkin is heauye :
 And the moon enshrined with closet clowdye remayned.

Thee morning brightnesse dooth luster in east seat Eöus,
 And night shades moystures glittering Aurora repealeth.
 When that on a suddeyn we behold a windbeaten hard shrimpe,
 With lanck wan visadge, with rags iags patcherye clowted,
 His fists too the skyward rearing ; heere wee stood amazed.
 A meigre leane rake with a long berd goatlyke ; apparrayl'd
 In shrub weeds thorny : by his birth a Grecian holden.
 One that too Troy broyls whillon from his cuntrye repayred.
 When the skrag had marcked far a loof thee Troian atyring,

And Troian weapons, in steps he stutted, apaled:
And fixt his footing; at length with desperat offer
Too the shore hee neered, theese speeches merciful vttring.

By stars I craue you, by the ayre, by the celical household,
Hoyfe me hence (O Troians!) too sum oother countrye me whirrie.
Playnely to speake algats, for a Greeke my self I doe knowledge,
And that I too Troytowne with purposed enmitye failed.
If this my trespaffe now claymeth duelye reuengment
Plunge me deepe in the waters, and lodge me in Neptun his harbour.
If mens hands flea mee, such mannish slaughter I wish for.

Thus sayd he, downe kneeling, and our feete mournefully clasping.
Then we him desired first too discouer his offspring,
After too manifest this his hard and destenye bitter.
My father Anchifes gaue his hand to the wretch on a suddeyn,
And with al a pardon, with faulfe protection, offred.
Thee captiue, shaking of feare, too parlye thus entred.

Borne I was in the Ithacan countrye, mate of haples Vliffes,
Named Achoemenides, my fyre also cal'd Adamastus.
A good honest poore man (would we in that penurye lasted!)
Sent me to your Troy wars: at last my coompanie skared
From this countrye cruel, did posting leaue me behinde theim,
In Cyclops kennel, thee laystow dirtye, the foule den.
In this grislye palaice, in forme and quantitie mightye,
Palpable and groaping dareknesse with murther aboundeth
Hee doth in al mischiefe surpasse, hee mounts to the sky top.
(Al the heu'nly feloship from the earth such a monster abandon!)

Hard he is too be viewed, too se hym no perfon abideth.
Thee bloud with the entrayls of men, by him slaughtred he gnaweth.
And of my feloes I saw that a couple he grapled
On ground lowe grooueling, and theim with villenye crufted,
At flint hard daffhing, thee goare bloud spowteth of eeche fide,
And fwims in the thrashhold. I saw flefh bluddie toe flauer,
When the cob had maunged the gobets foule garbaged haulfe quick.
Yeet got he not fhofree, this butcherye quighted Vliffes:
In which doughtye peril the Ithacan moſte wifely bethought him.
For the vnfauerie rakhel with collops bludred yfrancked,
With chuffe chaffe winesops like a gourd bourrachoe replennifht,
His nodil in croſſewiſe wreſting downe droups to the groundward,
In belche galp vomiting with dead fleape ſnortye the collops,
Raw with wine ſouſed; we doe pray to ſupernal aſemblye,
Round with al embaying thee muſſe maſſe loller; eke haſtlye
With toole ſharp poincted wee boarde and perced his one light,
That ſtood in his lowring front gloommifh malleted onely.
Like Greekiſh tergat gliſtring, or Phoebus his hornebeams.
Thus the death of feloes on a lout wee gladly reuenged.
But ſe ye flee, caytiefs! hy ye hence, cut ſwiftlye the cables.
Pack fro the ſhoare!
For ſuch as in prifon thee great Polyphemus is holden,
His ſheepflocks foddring, from dugs mylck thriftilye ſquifing,
Thee like heere in mountayns doo randge in number an hundred,
That bee curſ'd Cyclopes in naming vſual highted.
Thee moone three ſeaſons her paſſadge orbical eended
Sence I heere in forreſt and cabbans gaſtlye dyd harboure,
With beaſtes fel ſaluadge: and in caues ſtoanye Cyclopes
Dayly I ſe, their trampling and yelling helliſh abhorring.

My self I dieted with floas, and thinlye with hawthorns,
With mast, and with roots of eeche herb I fwadgde my great hunger.
I pryed al quarters, and first this nauye to shoare ward
Swift, I scryed sayling, too which my felfe I remitted,
Of what condition, what country so eauer it had beene.
Now tis sufficient that I skape fro this horribil island.
Mee rather extinguiſh with soom bloud murther or oother.

Scant had he thus spoken: when that from mountenus hil toppe
Al wee see the giaunt, with his hole flock lowbylyke hagling.
Namde the shepeherd Polyphem, to the wel knowne sea syd aproching.
A fowle fog monster, great swad, depriued of eyesight.
His fifts and stalcking are propt with trunck of a pynetree.
His flock him doe folow, this charge him chieffye reioyceth;
In grief al his coomfort, on neck his whistle is hanged.
When that too the seafyde thee fwayne Longolius hobbled,
Hee rinſt in the water thee droffe from his late bored eyelyd.
His tusk grimly gnashing, in seas far waltred, he groyleth:
Scantly doo the water furmounting reache to the shoulders.
But we being feared, from that coast hastily remooued,
And with vs embarcked the Greekiſh fuitur, as amply
His due request merited, wee chopt of softly the cables.
Swift wee sweepe the sea froth with nimble lustilad oare striefe.
Thee noife he perceaued, then he turning warily listeth.
But when he confider'd, that wee preuented his handling,
And that from foloing our ships thee fluds hye reuockt him,
Loud the lowbie brayed with belling monstrous eccho:
Thee water hee shaketh, with his outcryes Italie trembleth,
And with a thick thundring thee fyerde forge Ætna rebounded.

Then runs from mountayns and woods thee rownfual helfwarne
Of Cyclopan lurdens, to the shoars in coompanie cluftring.
Far we fe them diftaunt; vs grimly and vainely beholding.
Up to the fky reatching, thee breetherne fwifh fwafh of Ætna.
A folck moafte fulfoom, for fight moſte fitlye reſembling
Trees of lofbye cipers, with thickned multitud oak rowes:
Or Ioues great forreſt, or woods of mightye Diana.
Feare thear vs enforced with forcing ſpeedines headlong
Too ſwap of our cables, and fal to the feas at auenture.
But yeet king Helenus iumpt t'wixt Scylla and the Charybdis
For to fail vs moniſhed, with no great dangerus hazard.
Yeet we wer ons minded backward thee nauie to maiſter.
Heere, loe, behold Boreas from bouch of north blo Pelorus
Our ſhips ful chargeth, thee quick rocks ſtoanye we paſſed:
And great Pantagia, and Megatus, with Tapſus his iſland.
Theefe foyls fore wandred to our men were truelye related
By poore Achæmenides, mate too thee luckles Vliſſes.
Face too countrie Sicil theare ſtands a dangerus iſland
Plemmyrium ſtormy, but it old paſt auncetrye cleaped
Ortygia: Alpheus, men ſay, thee great flud of Elis
Under seabottoms this paſſadge ferreted, and now
Swift fro Arethufa going meets in flouds of Sicil iſland.
That countrie deitie, though wild, wee worſhiped, and thence
Wee fail'd and traualed to the coaſt of fertil Elorus.
Then we grate on rockrayes and bancks of ſtoany Pachynus,
And Camarina riuer, to remooue by deſtinie barred.
Alſo we through paſſed thee fields of ſtately Gelous.
And thee mightye water, by cuſtoom great Gela named.
Thence ſtrong built Agragas his huge high wals loſtelye vaunceth,

That steeds courragious with racebrood plentiful offred.
And with like sayling wee passe thee wooddye Selinis:
And deepe gulfs fincking of blind Lilybeia rockish.
After too Drepanus bad roade not luckye we sayled.
Heere, loa, being scaped from rough tempestuus huffling,
My father Anchifes, in cares my accustomed helper,
I loose: ô my father, wil you forsake me, thus ending
My toyls and my trauails, when then did I maister al hazards?
Nor propheting Helenus, when he foretold dangerus hard haps
Forspake this burial mourning, nor filthie Celæno.
This was last my labour, thee knot claspt of min auentures.
From thence god mee shoou'd too this your gratius empire.

Thus father Æneas foly to the coompanie list'ning
His long dririe viadge, and gods fet destinie chaunted.
At length kept he filence, with finnishd historie resting.

FINIS LIBRI TERTII.



The Fovrth Booke of Virgil his Aeneis.

BUT the queene, in meane while, with carcks quādare
deepe anguisht,
Her wound fed by Venus, with firebayt smold'red is
hooked.
The wights doughtie manhood leag'd with gentilitie
nobil,

His woords fitly placed, with his heu'nly phisnomie pleasing,
March through her hart must'ring, al in her brest deeply she printeth.
Theese carcking cratchets her sleeping natural hinder.
Thee next day folowing Phœbus did clarifie brightly
Thee world with luster, watrie shaads Aurora remooued,
When to her deere sifter, with woords, halfe giddie she raueth.

Sister An, I marueile, what dreams mee terrifie napping,
What newcoom trauailer, what guest in my harborie lighted?
How braue he dooth court it? what strength and courage he carries?

I beleue it certain (ne yet hold I it vainely reported)
 That fro the great linnadge of gods his pettegre shooteth.
 Feare shews pitfle crauens: good god! what destinie wayward
 Hath the man endured? what bickrings bitter he paffed?
 Had not I foresnaffled my mind by votarie promise,
 Not to yoke in wedlock too no wight earthly my perfon,
 When my first feloship by murther beastly was eended,
 Had not I such daliaunce, such pipling bed gle renounced,
 Haply this one faultie trespas might bring me to bending.
 An (to the my meaning and mind I doe plainely set open)
 Since the death of my husband, too wit, the Sichæus vnhappie,
 Since my cruel broother defil'de the domestical altars:
 Only this od gallant hath bow'd my phansie to liking,
 And my looue hath gained: the skorcht step of old fire I fauour.
 But first with vengeance let the earth mee swallo to bottom,
 Or father omnipotent with lightnings dyng me to Lymbo,
 And to Erebus shading darcknesse, too dungeon hellish,
 Eare that I shal thy statutes (ô shamefast chastitie) cancel.
 Hee, that first me yoked for wife, did carrie my first looue,
 Hardly let him throwd it, close claspt in graue let it harbour.
 When she thus had spoaken, with tears her breft she replennisht.
 Then said An (ô fister, than light more deerely beloved!)
 Wil ye stil in pining your youthful ioylitie stieple?
 Wil ye not haue children; nor sweete Venus happie rewarding's?
 Weene ye that our liking a scalp of a charuel in heedeth?
 Graunt, earst that no woer could catche your phansie to wedlock,
 Nor Lybie land lordings, ne by Tyre despised Iärbas,
 Nor many stat's loftie, that rest in plentiful Affrick:

N

Wil ye ftill endeuour with pleaf'd looue vainely to iuftle?
 Wil ye be forgetting in what curft countrie ye fojourne?
 Heere towns of Getuls doo ftand, a nation hardie,
 Heere ye fit embayed with Moores, with Syrtis vnhowfed.
 Theare pepil of Barcey through foale wild barrenes harbour.
 What fhall I tel further, what broyle Tyrus angrie doth hammer,
 What threats your broother thunders!
 I thinck that the godhead, with Iunoes prosperus ayding,
 Thee Troian veffels too this your fegnorye pelted.
 Loe, what a faire citty fhall mount, what ftablished empyre
 By this great wedlock: with might of the vnitie Troian!
 How far fhall be fleing thee glorie renownmed of Affrick.
 Of gods craue pardon, then, when your feruice is eended,
 Your new gueft frolick, his ftay let forgerie linger,
 Til winters lowring bee paff, and rayne make Orion,
 Til they rig al veffels, vntil time ftormie be fwaged.

With theefe words flaming her breft was kendled in hoat looue:
 Shee graunts to her tottring mind hoape, fhame bashful auoyding.
 Firft to thee church gad they, reft and peace meeklye requesting,
 In facrifice killing, by woont accuftomed, hogrels:
 Firft to Ceres makelaw, too Phœbus, then to Lyceus:
 Chieffye to Queene Iuno that wedlocks vnitie knitteth.
 Thee bol in hand firmly Queene Dido, the bewtiful, holding,
 Pour'd it amydf both the horns peaking of lillye white heyfer.
 Soomtime to the altars, diftant, of gods fhe reforteth:
 And makes frefh facrifice, the catel new flaughtered, heeding.
 Shee weens her fortune by guts, hoate fmoakye, to confter.

O the superstitions of beldam trumperye soothsayers!
 Now what auayle temples, or vows, whil't deepelye the flam'd fire
 Kendleth in her marrow, whil't wound in brest cel is aking!
 Dido, the wretch, burneth, neere mad through cittye she stalketh:
 Muche like a doe wounded too death, not marked of heerdman,
 His dart sharp headed through Forrest Cassian hurling,
 On the doe iump lighteth by foom chaunce medlye: the weapon,
 Thee bodye fore ranckling dooth stur thee deere to the frithward,
 Or to falow straining, in corps thee deadlye staf hangeth.

Often about thee wals Æneas lilye she trayneth:
 Too welth Sidonian poincting, too cittie nere eended.
 Her bye tale owt hauking amyde oft her parlye she chocketh.
 Soomtime she inuites them to deynty banquet in eeu'ning:
 Now fresh againe crauing of Troian toyle the recital,
 From lips of chronicler with blincking listenes hanging.
 When they be departed, when light of mooneshine is housfed,
 And stars downe gliding at due time of slumber ar ayming,
 Restles, aloane, fobbing on left benche soalye she sitteth:
 Her selfe not present she both hyers and fees the man absent.
 Or the slip Ascanius (for sainte thee shrinecase adoring!)
 Shee cols for the father: with buffe to lenifie loouefits.
 Thee towrs new founded mount not, thee coompanye youthful
 Surcease from warfeats, there toyls no fwincker in hauen;
 Nor mason in bulwarck: wurcks interrupted ar hanging.
 And wals hudge menacing, thee sky top in altitud eeu'ning.
 When the plage of pacient thee spouse of Iuppiter heeded,
 And noe reporte wandring thee looue furye kendled abated,
 Thus toe Venus turning, spake thee saturnical empreffe.

A praife of high reckning, eke a catche to be greatlye renowned
You with youre pricket purchaft, loe the victorie famoufe:
With two gods packing one woomman fellye to coofen.
Wel did I know, miftrefle, that you my great harborie feared,
Mightelye miftrufing thee feats of Carthage, hye mounted.
When fhall hoa! bee fhouted? to what drift feede we this anger?
Why be we not forward theefe mat's too marrye togeather
And a leage eternal conclude? thy long wifh is hefted.
Dido with hert liking dooth burne, her boans furie fretteth.
Let theefe fundrye pepils theare for bee lincked in one loare.
Alfo let oure Dido vayne her hert too bedfeloe Troian:
And Tyrian kingdooms to the fhall for dowrye be graunted.

Then to her (for wifely thee found thee treacherye feined
Too fetch too Tyrians the great empire of Italye worcking)
Thus Venus her fpeeches did bend. What niddipol hare-braine
Would fcorne this couenaunt? would with thee gladly be iarring?
If fo this happye trauayle fhall fo be with happines ayded.
But fates mee ftammering dooe make, if Iuppiter holdeth
Beft, that the Tyrians and Troian progenye couple,
That they be conioigned, that both they freendlye be leaged.
You to him bee fpoufed: thee trouth with pillo toy ferret.
On before, and I folow! Too this ladye Iuno replied.

That labor I warrant. Now by what craftines are wee
Too wurck this stratagem? marck wel, for I brieflye wil open.
Thee prince Æneas and eke queene Dido, the poore foule,
For to hunt in forreft too morro be fullye refolued,

So soon as in east coaste with bright beams Titan apeereth.
Then wil I round coompasse with clowd grim foggye theefe hunters
When they shal in thickets thee couert mainly be drawing.
All the skye shal ruffle with thumping thunderus hurring.
Thee men I wil scatter, they shal be in darcknes al hoouel'd.
Dido and the Troian captaine shal iumble in one den.
If with his my trauayle thy mind and phansie be meeting,
Then wil I thee wedlock with firme affinitie fasten:
This shal bee the bryde hymne! To the drift Venus, vttred, agreed,
Smoothly with al fimping, too groape fuche treacherus handling.

Thee whil't thee dawning Aurora fro the ocean haftned,
And the May fresh yoonckers too the gates doo make there asembly
With nets and catch toyls, and huntspears plentiful yron'd:
With the hounds quickfenting, with pricking galloper horfman.
Long for the princeffe the Moors gentilitie wayted,
As yet in her pincking not pranckt with trinckerie trinckets:
As they stood attending thee whil't her trapt genet hautie
Deckt with ritche scarlet, with gould stood furniture hanging,
Praunfeth on al startling, and on bit gingled he chaumpeth.
At length forth she fleeth with swarming coompanie circ'led,
In cloke fidonical with rich die brightly besprinckled.
Her locks are broided with gould, her quiuer is hanging
Backward: with gould tache thee vesture purple is holden.
Thee band of Troians likewise, with wanton Iulus
Doo marche on forward: but of al thee Lucifer heu'nly
In bewtie Æneas him selfe to the coompanie rancketh.
Like when as hard frozen Lycia and Zanth flouds be relinquisht

By Phœbe to Delos, his natie countrie feat, haftning.
 Hee poinçts a dawnfing, foorthwith the ruftical hoblobs
 Of Cretes, of Driopes, and painçted clowns Agathyrfi
 Dooe fetch their gambalds hopping neere confecrat altars.
 Hee trips on Zanthus mountain, with delicat hearelocks
 Trailing: with greene shrubs and pure gould neatly becrampound
 His shafts on fhoulder rattle. The like hautye refemblaunce
 Carried Æneas with gliftring coomlines heu'nly.

When they to thee mountains and too layrs vncoth aproched,
 Then, loe, behold ye, breaking thee goats doo trip fro the rocktops
 Neere to the plaine: the heard deare dooth ftray frō mounten vnharbour'd.
 Thee chafe is enfued with paffadge duftie bepowdred
 But the lad Afcanius, with praunfing courfer hie mounted,
 Dooth mannage in valley, now them, now theefe ouerambling.
 Hee fcornes theefe rafcal tame games, but a founder of hogfteers,
 Or the brownie lion to ftalck fro the mountaine he wifeth.

Thee whil't in the fkie feat great bouncing rumbelo thundring
 Rattleth: downe powring, too fleete thick haile knob is added.
 Thee Tyrian felofhip with youthful Troian afemblie
 And Venus hautie nephew doo run too fundrie fet houfes.
 Hudge flouds lowdly freaming from moūtain loftie be trowlling,
 Dido and thee Troian captaine doo iumble in one den.
 Then the earth crau's the banes, theretoo watry Iuno, the chaplain,
 Seams vp thee bedmatch, the fire and aire teftifie wedlock.
 And nymphs in mountains high typ doe fqueak, hullelo, yearning
 That day cros and difmal was caufe of mifchief al after,

And bane of her killing ; her fame for sleight she regarded.
No more dooth she laboure too mask her phansie with hudwinck,
With thee name of wedlock her carnal leacherie cloaking,
Straight through towns Lybical this fame with an infamie rangeth.

Fame the groyl vngētil, than whom none swifter is extant ;
Limber in her whisking : her strength in iournye she trebbleth ;
First like a shrimp squatting for feare, then boldly she roameth
On ground proud ietting : she soars vp nimblye toe skyward ;
The earth, her dame, chauffing with ground gods celical anger,
Litter'd this leueret, the fyb, as men fundrye reherfed,
Too the giant Cœus, sifter to swad Encelad holden.
Foorth she quicklye galops, with wingflight swallolike haftning.
A foule fog pack paunch : what feathers plumye she beareth,
So manye squint eyebals shee keeps (a relation vncoth)
So manye tongues clapper, with her ears and lip labor eeu'ned.
In the dead of night time to the skyes shee flickereth, howling
Through the earth shade skipping, her fight from slumber amouuing.
Whil't the sun is shining the bagage close lodgeth in houfroofs,
Or tops of turrets, with feare towns loftye she frighteth.
As readye forgde fittons, as true tayles vaynelye toe twattle.
Thee pepil in iangling this raynebeaten harlotrye filled :
Merrily foorth chatting feats past, and feats not attempted.
That the duke Æneas from Troians auncetrye sprouting,
In Lybye coast landed, with whom faire Dido the princeffe
Her person barter'd, and that they both be resolued,
Thee winter season too waft in leacherye wanton.
Retchles of her kingdoom, with rutting bitcherie fauted.
This that prat pye cadeffe labored too trumpet in eeche place.

Foorth the fleeth posting to the kingly rector Iärbas.
 With the brute enflaming his mind the doth huddle on anger.
 Soon to the prince Ammon, Garamans thee fayrye, bye rape fnatch,
 His mooother named; this king too Iuppiter heu'nly
 Temples twife fifty did build, like number of altars,
 With fire continual theefe feats too consecrat vñg,
 With the bloud of sacrifice floating, with delicat herbflows.
 Netled with theefe brackye nouels as wild as a marche hare
 In the myd of the Idols (men tel) neere furnished altars,
 Theefe woords, vplifting both his hands, he to Iuppiter vttred.

Iuppiter almightie! whom men Maurufian, eating
 On the tabils vernisht, with cup-rit's magnifie dulye:
 Eyest thou this filthhood? shal wee, father heu'nlye, be carelesse
 Of thy claps thundring? or when fiers glimrye be lifted
 In clouds grim gloomming with bounce doe terrifie worldlings?
 A coy tyb, as vagabund in this my fegnorye wandring,
 That the plat of Carthage from mee by coofinage hooked,
 T'whom gaue I fayre tilladge, and eeke laws needful enacted,
 Hath scorn'd my wedlock: Æneas lord the reteyneth.
 Now this smocktoy Paris with berdlesie coompanye wayted,
 With Greekish coronet, with falling woommanish hearelocks
 Like fiest hound milcksop trim'd vp, thee victorie catcheth.
 And wee beat the bushes, thee ftill with woorschip adoring.
 Onlye for oure seruice foom prayfed vanitye gleaning.

Thee prayer of playntiefe, grappling thee consecrat altars,
 Iuppiter hard; foorth with to the courte hee whirled his eyesight,

And viewd theefe bedmat's no found reputation heeding.
With woords imperial thus he speaks, and Mercurye chargeth.

Flee, my son, and bulke on, let sweete winds swiftly be foomon'd,
And to the duke Troian, that vainely in Carthage abideth,
Thee towns neglecting, that to him set destinie lotteth;
Theefe woords deliuer, from mee to him carrye this errand.
His paragon moother to vs fram'd a promise of hudger
Accoumpt and reckning, than he now perfourmeth, vpon that
Hoape future expected, from Troy flam's twife she reliu'd him.
Too me she did promise, that he should bee the emperor hautye,
That would, with bickring, fierce martial Italye vanquish:
Thee Troian family with wide spread glorie reuiuing:
And globe of al regions with laws right equitie bridle.
Too feats so valiant if that no glorie doth haue him,
Or to him thee catching of fame so woorthye be toylefoom:
Shal, by fyre Ascanius from Roman cittye be loyted?
What doth he forge? wherefore wil he rest in cuntrye so freendlesse?
Why the Lauin regions, and stock, he so sliely reputeth?
Thee sea let him traueise: this is al: to him signifie this muche.

Ioue sayd: eke hee the fathers cōmaund to accōplish apoincteth.
First of al his worckng too his feete shooes goulden he knitteth,
By which he with wind blast ruffling oft flittereth vpward,
Whether he land regions or rough seas furge doth harrow.
His rod next he handleth: by which from the helly Bocardo
Touz'd toft souls he freeth: diuerse to the prison he plungeth.
Hee causeth sleeping and bars: bye death eyelyd vphaspng.
With the rod eke he sheareth the winds, and scattereth high cloudes.

Q

As thus he did flicker, thee top with fideryb of Atlas
 Hee fees, that proppeth, with crowne, the supernal Olympus,
 Atlas, whose pallet with pynetrees plentiful hoouel'd,
 In grim clouds darckned, with showrs and windpuf is haunted.
 Thee fno whit his shoulders doth cloath, fluds mighty be rowling
 From the chyn oldlye riuel'd, his beard with frost hoare is hardned.
 Firft on this mounteyn thee winged Mercurie lighted:
 From thence too the waters his courfe hee bended al headlong.
 Muche like a bird neftled neere shoars or defolat hilrocks:
 Not to the fky mainely, but neere fea meanelye fhe flickreth.
 So with a meane paffadge twixt fky and fea Mercurye flideth
 To Liby coaft fandy; thee fsharp winds speedilye fhauing,
 Mercurye the Cyllen, bye the mount Cyllene begotten.
 On Liby land tenements with winged feete when he lighted,
 Hee fpyed Æneas new caftels thriftilye founding,
 And howfrowms altring: hee woare then a gorgeus hanger
 With iafpar yellow: he fhyn'd with mantel ypurpled,
 From foulders trayling: this braue roabe Dido, the ritch queene,
 Soalye with her handwurck did weaue: with gould wyre it heaping.

Mercurye thus greets him: Now fyr; you wholly be careful
 Too found new Carthage with youre brave bedfeloe fotted.
 You build a citty, youre owne ftate flilye regarding.
 Now to the god fent mee from fhining brightned Olympus,
 The god of al the godheads, managing heu'ne and places earthly,
 Hee gaue commaund'ment, too thee too carrye this erraund.
 What doe ye forge? wherefore thus vainely in land Libye mitche you?
 Too feats ful valiant if that no glory doth egge the,
 Or toe the thee catching of fame foo woorthye be toylfoom,

Cast care on Afcanius rising, of the heys of Iulus.
T'whom the stat Italian with Roman cittie belongeth!

When this round message thee Cyllen Mercurie whisper'd,
In myd of his parling from gazing mortal he shrincketh:
From lookers eyefight too thinnes he vannished ayrye.

But the duke Æneas with fight so geason agasted,
His bush starcke staring with feare, cleene speechles abided.
Hee to fle foare longeth, this sweet soyl streight to relinquish,
By gods imperial monishing auctoritie warned.
Heere but alas! he myred what course may be warily taken;
How shal he too princeffe, with looues hoat phrensie reteyned,
Breake this cold message? what woords shal shape the beginning?
From thee poast to piler with thought his rackt wit he toffeth.
Now to this od stratagem, now too that counseyl alying.
After long mooting, this course for better he deemed.
Mnefteus hee called, Sergeft, and manlye Cloanthus,
For to rig in secret their ships, and coompanye fummon,
With weapons ready: Thee cause also of changabil hastning
Deepelye to diffemble: when eke opportunitie serued,
Whil't no breche of freendship thee good ladye Dido remembers,
And due place of speaking sweetly with season is offred,
They would their passage close steale. Thee knightes agreed,
With wil moste forward, to haste on too iourneye resolued.

Howbeit the princeffe (what wyle can iuggle a loouer?)
Found owt this cogging: in thought what first she reuolued
That toe doe they minded: things standing faulflye she feareth.

Fame, the blab vnciuil, fosters her phansie reciting,
 That the fleete is strongly furnisht, their passage apointed.
 Deuoyd of al counsayle, scolding, through cittie she ploddeth.
 Mutch like Dame Thyas with great follenmitie sturred
 Of Bacchus third yeers feasting, when quastide aproacheth,
 And showts in nighttime doo ringe in lofty Cithæron.
 At last she Æneas thus, not prouoked, asaulteth.

And thought'ft thou, faithlesse coyftrel, so smoothlye to shaddow
 Thy packing practife, from my foyle priuilye flincking?
 Shal not my liking, ne yet earst faith plighted in handclaspe,
 Nor Didoes burial from this croffe iournye withhold the?
 Further, in a winters sowre storme must nauie be launched?
 Mind'ft thou with northern bluster thee mayne sea to trauerse,
 Thow cruel hart haggard! what? if hence too countrey the passage
 Thow took'ft not stranged: suppose Troy cittie remained:
 Through the sea fierce swelling would'ft thou to Troy cittie be packing?
 Shun'ft thou my presence? By theese tear's, and by thy right hand,
 Since that I, poore caytief, nought els to my self doe relinquish
 By the knot of wedlock, by looues sollemnitie sealed,
 If that I deserued too fore foom kindnes, or annye
 Part of my person to the whillon pleasur afoorded,
 To my state empayring, let yeet foom mercye be tender'd.
 I doe craue (if to prayers as yeet foom nouke be referued!)
 Beat downe thy purpose, thy mind from iournye reclayming.
 For thy sake in Lybical regions and in Nemod hateful
 I liue: my Tyrian subiectes pursue me with anger.
 For thy sake I stayned whillon my chastitie spotlesse:
 And honor old batterd, to the sky with glorie me lifting.

And now, gueſt, wheather doe ye ſkud from deaths fit of hoſtace?
 That terme muſt I borowe, ſith I dare not cal the myne huſband.
 Why do I breath longer? ſhal I liue til cittie my broother
 Pigmalion ranſack? or too time I be priſoner holden
 By thee Getul Iärb? if yeet ſoom progenie from me
 Had crawl'd, by the fatherd, if a cockney dandiprat hophthumb,
 Prettye lad Æneas, in my court, wantoned, ere thow
 Took'ſt this filthye ſleing, that thee with phifnomye lyk'ned,
 I ne then had reck'ned my ſelf for deſolat owtcaſte.

Shee ſayd: He perſiſting too doo what Iuppiter heaſted,
 Sturd not an eye, graueling in his hart his ſorroful anguiſh.
 At length thus briefly did he parle: I may not, I wil not
 Deny thy benefits, ful as amply as can be recounted,
 Unto me deliu'red: ſo long ſhal I Dido remember,
 Whil'ſt I my ſelf mind ſhal: whil'ſt lyms with ſpirit ar orderd.
 Brieflye for a weighty matter few woords I will vtter.
 Neauer I foreminded (let not me falſlye be threpped!)
 For toe ſlip in ſecret by flight: ne yet eauer I thralld
 My ſelf too wedlock: I to no ſuch chapmenhed harckned.
 If to my mind priuat my fatal fortun agreed,
 If ſo that al ſorrows iump with my phanſie were eended,
 Then ſhould bee chiefly by me Troian cittie redreſſed,
 And kinreds rellicques woorthipt: then ſhould be renewed
 Thee court of Priamus: yea though that victorie razed
 Theeſe monuments, yet againe by mee they ſhould be repaired,
 But now to Italian kingdooms vs ſendeth Apollo,
 And vs to Italian regions ſet deſtinie warneth.
 Theare reſts our liking; there eke our wiſht country remaineth.

If ye be delighted, too fee new Carthage vp hoou'ring,
 And a Moore in Morish cittie your phansie ye fettle:
 Why so may not Troians their course to good Italie coompasse?
 What reason embars them, foom forrein countrie to ferret?
 Of father Anchises thee goast and grislye refemblaunce,
 When the day dooth vannish, whē lights eke starrie be twinckling,
 In sleepe mee monifheth, with visadge buggish he feareth.
 And my fun Ascapius mee pricks by me rightly belooued:
 Whom from the Italian regions toe toe long I doe linger.
 Lately to mee posted from Ioue thee truch sprit, or herald
 Of gods (thee deities this footh too witnes I summon!)
 Hee did, in expressed commaund, to me meffage his erraund.
 I saw most liuely, when that neere towne wal he lighted;
 In this eare hee towted thee speech. Cease therefor, I pray you,
 Mee to teare, and also your self, with driry reherfals.
 Italye not willing I seeke.

Whilst he thus in pleading did dwel, shee furlie beheeld him:
 Heere she doth her visadge, thear skew, eeche member in inchmeals
 In long mummye filence limming: then shrewdly she scoldeth.

No goddes is thy parent, nor th'art of Dardanus offspring,
 Thou periurde faytoure! but amydst rocks, Caucasus haggish
 Bred the, with a tigers soure milck vnseasoned, vlder'd!
 What shal I diffemble? what poinets more weightye referue I?
 At my tears showering did he figh? did he winck with his eyelid?
 Ons did he weepe vāquisht? did he yeeld ons mercie toe loouemate?
 What shal I first vtter? will not graund Iuno with haftning,
 Nor thee father Saturne with his eyes bent rightly behold this?

Faith quite is exiled: fro the shoare late a runnagat hedgebrat,
 A tarbreeche quystroune dyd I take, with phrensie betraffhed
 I placed in kingdoom, both ships and coompanye gracing.
 Woe to me thus stamping, futch braynfick foolerye belching!
 Marck the speake, I pray you, wel coucht: Now sohtel Apollo,
 Now Lycian fortunes, from very Iuppiter heu'nlye
 A menacing message, by the gods ambaffador, vttred.
 Forfooth; this thye viadge with care saincts celical heapeth,
 Their brayns vnquieted with this baldare be buzzing;
 I stay not thy body, ne on baw vaw tromperye descant:
 Pack toe soyl Italian: croffe thee seas: fih for a kingdoom!
 Uerily, in hoape rest I (if gods may take duelye reuengment)
 With gagd rocks coompast, then vaynely, Dido, reciting,
 Thou shalt bee punisht. Ile with fire swartish hop after.
 When death hath vntwined my soule from carcas his holding,
 I wil, as hobgobling, foloe thee: thou shalt be soare handled:
 I shal heare, I doubt not, thy pangs in Lyombo related!

Her talck in the mydel, with this last parlye, she throtled.
 And from his fight parted, with tortours queazye disorderd.
 Hym she left daunted with feare, woords duetiful hamring
 For to reply. The lady fowning mayds carrye to smooth bed
 Of marble glittring, on beers her soflye reposing.

But the good Æneas (although that he coueted hart'lye,
 For to swage her malady, with woords to qualifie sorrows)
 In groans deepe scalding, his kindmynd findged in hoatlooue,
 Yeet the wyl of the godheads foloing, too nauie returneth.
 Thee Troian mariners now drudge: their fleet they doe launch foorth

And veffels calcked with roafen smearye, be floating.
 Up they trus oars boughed with plancks vnfinnished, haftning
 From thence their paffadge:
 Now to the ftrond may ye fee from towne thee multitude hopping.
 Much lyk when pifmers their corne in granar ar hurding,
 Careful of a winter nipping, in barns they be piling.
 Thee blackgard marching dooth wurck, in path way, their harueft,
 Parte of theefe laborers on fhoulders carrie the burdens
 Of fhocks: foom grangers with goade iades reftye be pricking,
 And fpur on ants lufkifh, with fwinck eeche corner aboundeth.

But to the, poore Dido, this fight fo fkearye beholding,
 What feeling creepeth? what fobbing forroful hert figh
 In thy corps hizzed, when from towre, loftilye mounted,
 Thow faw'ft thee banckfides coouer, and right to thyne eyefight
 Thow faw'ft feas ringing with cheering clamorus hoyffayle?
 Scuruye looue! in pacients what moods thow mightilye forceft.
 Now fhe is conftayned, too former tears to be turning.
 With fuit frefhlye praying, too looue fhee tendereth homage.
 No meane vnattempted, ne vnfought, ear that fhe dye, leauing.

Sifter An, in clufter you fee thee coompanye fwarming
 On the fhoare, in flockmeale: for wind their fayles ar hoyfted.
 On fterne thee mariners haue fetled merrilye garlands.
 If that I foremyned this grieffe fo mifcheuus hapned,
 Then fhould I, fifter, moderat this forroful hazard.
 Yeet good An, I pray thee do me, wretch, this pleasure in one thing,
 For the chiefe of woomen this breakevow naughtye regarded;
 Chiefflye to the hee woonted to recount his priuitye fecret,

His daps and sweetening good moods to the foalye were op'ned.
 Post to him (good sifter) to mye proud foa tel ye this errand.
 I did not ranfack, with Greeks conspiracye, Troy towne.
 Nor yet against Troians fend I anny vessel apointed.
 Nor father Anchifes boans crusht I, ne scattred his ashes.
 What reason him leadeth to my fuite too boombas his hearing?
 Wheather is hee flitting? To his leefe pheere graunt he this one boone,
 Too stay for a better passadge, for a prosperus hufgale.
 I clayme no old wedlock, that he fowly and falslye betrayed.
 Nor that he thee regiment doo loose of his Italye kingdooms.
 I craue a vaine respit, but a spirt to mye phrensie relenting,
 Til my fate hath schoold mee too mourne my destenie drowping.
 Theese I craue in pardon for laft (yeeld mercye to sifter!)
 Which when you tender, to mye death that shal be requighted.

In this wife she prayed: such tears her sifter vnhappie
 Dooth to and fro carry: but he with no teare drop is altred:
 Nor to vaine entreatings with listning tractable harckneth.
 Thee fat's are pignant, god his ears quight stifned in hardnesse.
 Much like as in forrest a long fet dottrel, or oaktree,
 With northren blusters too parts contrarie retossed;
 Thee winds scold strugling, the threshing thick crush crash is owt borne,
 Thee boughs frap whurring, when stem with blastbob is hacked:
 Yeet the tre stands sturdy: for as it to the sky typ is haunced,
 So far is it crampornd with roote deepe dibled at helgat's:
 So this courragious gallant with cluftered erraunds
 Is cloyed and stinging sharp car's in brest doe lie thrilling.
 His mynd vnuariant doth stand, tears uainely doe gutter.

P

Dido the poore princeffe gauld with fuch deftenie cutting,
Crau's mortal paffadge; too looke to the fky ſhe repineth.
And to put her purpoſe forward, this light to relinquish,
When ſhe the gift ſacrifice with the incenſe burned on altars
(Griſlye to bee ſpoaken) thee moyſture ſwartlye was altdred:
And the wine, in powring, like bloud black footiſh apeered.
This too no creature, no, not to her fiſter is op'ned.
Further eke in the palaice a chapel fayre marbil abydeth,
Uowd to her fiſt huſband, which cel ſhee woorthiped highlye,
With whit lillye ſiefes, with garland greeniſh adorned:
Heere to her ful ſeeming ſhe did heare theeſe clamor of elfiſh
Goaſt of her old huſband, her foorth to his coompanye waſting,
When the earth with theeſe ſhaads of night was darckly bemuffled.
Alſo on theeſe turrets the ſkrich owle, like fetchliefe yfetled,
Her burial roundel dooth ruck and cruncketh in howling.
Sundrye fuch od prophecies, many fuch prognosticat omens,
In foretyme coyned, their threatnings terrible vttered.
Yea, cruel Æneas in dreame to her ſeemeth apeering,
Her furious chafing: her ſelf left alſo, ſhe deemed,
Poſt aloan, and ſoaly from woonted coompanie ſingled,
Too trauayl a iourney to to long, and that ſhe returneth,
Too feeke her owne Tyrians, through cragged paſſages vncooth:
Much lyke when Pentheus theeſe troupes fel of helliſh aſembye,
And two ſoons ſhining, and two Thebs vainely beholdeth:
Or like as, in ſkaffold theaters, is touzed Oreſtes
From his dame gaſtly fleeing, with flam's and poiſoned adders:
Or blacke ſcaalde ſerpents, and when that in entrie be ſetled

Sour feends grimlye gnawing, ramping with grisly reuengment.
 When she thus in raging dyd swel: when plunged in anguish,
 For to dye thee minded, the mean and thee season apointed,
 Theese forged speeches to her sifter sorrowful vttring,
 Shee throwds her purpose, false hoape with phisnomie feigning.

Sifter, an od by knack haue I found (now rest ye triumphaunt)
 Either this gadling shal swiftly to mee be returned,
 Or fro this hoat looue fits I shal bee shortlye retrayted.
 Where the fun is woonted too set, neere the ocean eending,
 Thee last point farthest of dwellers Æthiop: Atlas
 Mighty in this region bolsters thee starred Olympus.
 From thence came a mayd priest, in foyle Massyla begotten,
 Sexten of Hesperides sinagog, this forceres vsed,
 For too cram the dragon: she, on trees, slips consecrat heeded.
 Hoonie liquid sprinckling and breede-sleepe wild popie strawing.
 For to fre minds, snared with looue, this Margerye voucheth,
 Whom she wil, and oothers snared with loouetraps strongly to fetter.
 Also to stay the riuers, and back globs starrie returning.
 In night too cooniure spirits: theare shal ye se (sifter)
 Thee ground right vnder too groane, trees bigge to fal headlong.
 Thee gods too witnesse, so thee, deare sifter, I lykewise
 Cal, bye thye sweet pallet, me this hard extremitie forceth
 For to put in practise magical feats, forcerie charming.
 Wherefor in al secret let logs of timber, in inner
 Court, with speede, be reked, the sky with loftines hitting:
 Also se, that thither you bring thee martial armoure,
 That the peasaunt left heere, with al his misfortunated ensigns.
 Theare bed must be placed, thee wedlock bed, wher I poore wretch,

Al my bane haue purchaste: theefe rit's thee cooniures asketh,
Too burne al monuments of this curftd villenus hoap-loaft.

This fayd, freight a filence shee keep's: her phifnomie paleth.
And yet An had nothing deemed, that Dido, the fifter,
Preparde theefe burials to her self, she no fuch furye cafteth.
Or that woofe mischief might bee to her fifter aproching,
Then when shee mourned the death of fpoufe foarye Sichœus.
Thearefor her encheafon shee purueys.
But the queene, as timber was brought, and piled in order,
And holme logs cleaued with creffets mounted ar added:
With twifted garland and leau's, fpred greenelye, she garnisht
Thee place of her burial: there his armours all she reposed.
On the bed his picture shee fet, ful playnely bethincking,
What would bee the fequel. There about ftand consecrat altars:
With which eke embayed, the shee priest, vntreffed in heare locks,
Hundreds of the godheads thrife tolde al giddylye calleth:
Shee crieth on the Erebus darckneffe and on Chaös hoch poch.
And the tripil dam Hecatee, with three faced angrie Diäna,
Shee pours eeke the liquours vntuely of founten Auernus:
Also by the moone shine yong buds, scant fpirted abooue ground,
Are fought too be looped with a braffie fieth: also the poyfon
Cole black, commixed with mylck: enquirye was eke made,
For to fnip, in the foaling, from front of fillye the knapknob
That the mare al greedy dooth fnap.
Her self with presents ftanding neere the halloed altars,
Naked in her oane foote, with frock unlaced aparrayl'd;
Calleth at her parting on gods: and deftinie witting
Thee ftars: too the godhead, with meeke fubmiffion, hartlye

Shee prayeth: if daitee with no loare rightlye regardeth
Thee slip of al faythleffe break-leages, that vnequalye looued.

Neere toe dead of midnight it drew, when mēber of eeche thing
Quick, and fore labored was, with sweet slumber atached.
Thee woods are noyseleffe, thee seas late stormye be calmed.
Thee stars from the sky top with glyding flipprie be shooting:
Thee fields and the catel bee mum: most queintlye bedecked
Fayre fowls, close lurcking in lak's, or shrowded in hard bed
Of thorny thickets, through rural cuntrye be napping,
In the silent nighttime, from thought their day-toyl amouuing.
But the poore vnresting Dido could catch no such happye
Season, too be quiet; she sleeple is onely remayning.
Now routs of carcking troubles, with fighs, be resorting;
Soomtyme fits tickling of her old looue in hertroote aritching.
Then fresh on a fuddeyn she frets, and warpeth in anger.
And bayted in tugging skirmish then thus she bethought her.

What shal I do therfore? shal I now, like a castaway milckmadge,
On mye woers formoure bee fawning? Too Nemod emprour
Now shal I meeke be suing, oft by me coylye refused?
Therefor I must swiftly too Troian nauye be trudging,
Theare me toe bynd prentise, their wil, lik a gally slaue, heeding.
And reason I trauailed too them, that, by me so shielded,
My formour beneficts defrayde so kindlye requited.
Wel, wel! graunt I trauail'd, who would mee suffer? or of them
What man, in his vessel, prowde borne, would carrie me scorned?
And alas! ô felly woomman: yeet must ye be leffon'd
Thee freaks, thee fickle promise, thee periurie Troian?

What then? with my fleeing shal I track their nauie triumphing?
 Or shal I purfu theym with strong and furnished armye?
 And my pepil subiect, that I brought from Sidon in hazard
 Of lief, too the seaward with danger shal they be preffed?
 Nay, nay! thye self slaughter: thy bad life vnhappie death asketh:
 Thou, thou, deere sifter, with my teares woomanish anguiht,
 With my phrensie moued, to my foa dydst cast me full open:
 Might not I my lief time lust fleshly and sinful auoyding,
 Spend lyk an vnreasoned wild beaste, and such care abandon?
 I kept no promise to the boans of godlye Sichæus.

Such playntes and quarrels in burnt breast strongly she crushed.
 Now the good Æneas embarckt in vessell of hudgnesse,
 Certen of his passage did sleepe: things duly wel ord'red.
 Then toe the same captaine valiant, in slumber apeered.
 Thee selfe same visadge, that face, that phisnomye bearing
 In color, in speaking, thee selfe same Mercurye likning,
 Forseene in his goulden fine locks, and youthly resemblance:
 Thus thee wight sleeping with a newcoom message he greeteth.

Thou fun of heu'nlye goddes, dar'ft thou too slumber in hazards?
 See ye not, O madman, what dangers fundrie betide you?
 Heare ye not, in listning, thee westernne fortunat huffling?
 Shee coyn's curfd dangers, and mischiefs forgeth on anuy.
 Too dye she stands resolut: shee stormeth sweltred in anger.
 Wil ye not haste swiftly, whilst leasur is offred of hastning?
 Perdye, ye shal shortly perceau the seas to be couerd
 With boats, and flaming fire worcks to bee flasthed of eeche side
 Thee shoars, if dawning in this fel countrye shal hold you.

On, loe, cut of loytring, a wind fane changabil huf puffe
 Always is a woomman. Thus sayd, through nightfog he vannisht.

Then the duke Æneas, with shaddow fudden agryfed,
 Up starts from sluggish sleeping, and coompanie waketh.
 My men arise swiftly: to thee tacklings speedily stick yee:
 Hoyse sayls with posting; for a god from celical heu'nseats
 Sent, to fle commaunds vs; likewise to cut hastlye the cabels.
 Loe, yet againe spurs hee! We rely to thine hautie behestings
 Who th'art, mightie godhead; thus againe to thy wil we be forward.
 Sēd thy pliaūt seruauīs thy good aid, let stars of Olympus
 Lucky affist the viadge! Thus he sayd: then naked his edgd sword
 Brandisht from the scabard hee drew: thee cabil he swappeth.
 Al they the like poste haste did make, with scarboro scrabbling.
 From the shoare out faile they: thee sea with great fleet is hoouel'd.
 Flouds they rake vp spuming, with keele froth fomie they furrow.

Thee next day foloing lustring Aurora lay thymring,
 Her saffron'd mattresse leauing to her bedfelo Tithon.
 Thee queene, when the daylight his shining brightnes afurded,
 Peeps from loftie beacons, and sayling nauie beholdeth.
 Thee stronds and the hauens of vessels emptie she marcketh.
 Thrife, nay she foure seasons, on faire breft mightily bouncing,
 And her heare out rooting yellow: god Iuppiter! oh lord!
 Quod she, shal he escape thus? shal a stranger giue me the slampam?
 With such departure my regal feignorie frumping?
 Shal not al our subiects purfu with clamorous hu crie?
 With my fleete hoat foloing shal not their nauie be burned?
 On men; alarme; firebrands se ye take; sails hoise; row ye swiftly:

What chat I foole? What place me doth hold? What phrensieme witcheth?
 O forlorne Dido, now, now wrawd destiny grubs the.
 This spite should be plied, when thou thy auctoritie yeeldedst.
 Marck the faith and kindneffe that he shews, who is foothly reported
 Too carry his rellicques and countrey domestical house gods,
 And to clap on shoulders his bedred graueporer old fire!
 Could not I with my power both haue backt and minced eke inchmeale
 The coyftrels carcasfe, next in the sea deeply to drench it?
 Could not I then murther, with sword, his coompanie straggling?
 Yea the lad Ascanius wel I might haue slaughtered, after
 At tabil of the father too fet thee chield to be maunged.
 Thee chaunce in battaile, ye wil hold, is doubtful: I graunt it.
 What man had I feared, to dye prest? I had flamed of eechefide
 Theare tents and nauy, thee child, and thee father eending.
 Yea the race extirping; my self had I wallowed on them.
 O fun in heu'ne hye beaming, who behold'ft ful worckes al earthly:
 Of these driry dolours eke thou queene Iuno the searchresse,
 And godes hautie Hecatee, that dooest wights terrifie nightly
 In pathways traueling, ye bug hags fierce set to reuengments,
 You gods al mustring to the eende of wretched Elifa,
 Eare this; I doe craue you: for sin's due torture amouuing.
 Listen too my prayers! If this false traytor in hauen
 Of force must be placed, to the land if destinie sling him,
 If fates of the godheds so wil: their wil be don hardly.
 Yet let thee rascal with fold'ours doughtie be lugged,
 Spoyled of his weapons, wandring like a bannished outlaw:
 Haalde from the embracing of his only belooued Iulus:
 And to beg his succour: too see thee funeral eendings
 Wretched of his kinred: likewise when he shal be relying

Too streict conditions of peace, to vnlawful agreement:
In wisht princely quiet let not thee cullion harbour:
But before his fixed death time let his eende be cut hastily,
In nauel of quicksands his corps vntumbled abiding.
Theese poincts humbly craue I; with blood this last wil I stablish.
And you my Tyrian subiects, this linnage heere after
Pursue with hate bitter, this gift se ye graunt to mine afhes.
Let no looue or liking, no faith nor leage be betweene you.
Let there one od captaine from my boans rustie be springing,
With fire eke and weapons thee caytiefs Troian auenging:
Now; then; at eech seafon; what so eare strength mighty shal happen,
Let shoare bee too shoars, let seas contrary to seas stand,
And to armours, armours I do pray, let progenie bicker.
Shee faide; eke her vexte mind shee toft and tumbled in eeche fide,
From thee light vnfauerie to flit, with greedines, asking.
Shee speaks too Barfen thee nurse of feally Sichæus
(For thē her owne milckdame in birth foil was breathles abiding).

Good nurse, take the trauaile too bring my fister An hither.
With the waters streaming let her hoale corps hastily be clenfed.
Thee beafts bring she with her, with them thee forenoted offings.
Thus let her haft hither: let thy pate godly be coouer'd.
Too the god infernal what rits by mee be readie, foorthwith
For to ende I purpose, my troubles wholly to finnish:
And to put in firebrands this Troian pedlerie truth trash.

This said: shee trots on snayling, like a tooth shaken old hagge.
But Dido affrighted, stift also in her obstinat onfet,
Her bluddie eyes wheeling, her lyers with swart spot ydusked,
And eke al her visage waning with murther aproching,

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Too the inner quadrant runneth; then madly she scaleth
 Thee top of her banefiers, his sword shee grappleth in handling;
 I say the swoord brandisht, to such a wild part not apointed.
 When she the weeds Troian did marck, and sport-breder old bed,
 In tears falt blubbring, in mufing stiddie remaining,
 Shee fel on her mattraffe: theefe woords for a farewell awarding.

O my sweet old leauings, whil't mee good destinie suffred,
 And god of his goodnesse you mee too pleasure allowed,
 Take ye my faint spirit, mee from theefe troubles abandon,
 I liu'de and the trauail, graunted by fortun, I traced:
 Also my goaft shortly too pits of Limbo shal hobble.
 A citty I founded stately, thee wals did I see raif'd.
 And the death of my husband on freendleesse broother I venged.
 Blessed had I rested, yee, thrise most blessed, if only
 In theefe my regions no Troian vessel had anchor'd.

Thus she said, and thrusting in couche her phisnomy cheereleffe:
 But shal I dy sheepe-like, not taking kindly reuengment?
 Yea, I wil dy, quod she, what? so? yea, so wil I pack hence.
 Let the cruel Troian, this flame from maine sea beholding,
 His panch now fatiat, with this my destiny fatal.

Thus she said; and falling on blade with desperat offer,
 Her damfels view'd her: thee swoord al bluddie begoared,
 And hands out spreadding they beheeld; thee raif'd cry doth eccho
 In the palaice: Rumor thee death through cittie doth vtter.
 With fighs, with yelling, with skrich, with woommanish howling
 Thee rafters rattle: with shouts thee perft skie reboundeth.
 With no les hudge bawling, than if al Carthago were enter'd

By the enemy riffling, with flaming flafhie to fcorch al
Thee roofs of tenements, of gods thee consecrat howfes.

Foorth runs her fifter, theefe news vnfortunat hearing,
With nailes her vifadge fkratching, and mightily rapping
Her breft with thumping frap knocks, through rout fhe doth enter,
And the dying fifter, with roaring, lowdly fhe named.

Was this, deere fifter, your drift? therefore ye beguil'd me?
And for theefe banquets made I fiers, and haloed altars?
What fhall I firft mourne now, poore caytife, defolat outwaile?
In this your parting your fifters coompanie fkom'd you?
Had ye to that blood fhout mee bid: wee both with one edgtoole,
And eke in one moment, our paffadge fatal had ended.
This labor endur'd I to this ende? waft therefor I called
On gods, from thy dying fharp pangs to be, wretch cruel, abfent?
The and my felf haue I quight forlorne, thee nation hautie
Of Sidon, thy woorthie pepil, thy towne braue I batter'd.
Speedily bring me water, thee greene wound fwiftly to fouple,
And if in her carcaffie foom wind yeet foftly be breathing,
With lip I wil nurfe it: thus faid, fhee clim'd to the woodpile.
Clafpt in her arms bracing thee painting murtheres haulfquick,
With grunt wide gasping: thee blackned gellieblud, hardning,
Shee fkom's with napkins, fhee would haue lifted her eyebal,
Feeble againe waxing fhee droups, thee deadly pufh irks her.
Thrift fhe did endeuour, too mount and reft on her elbow.
Thrift to her bed fliding fhee quails, with whirlygig eyefight
Up to the fkie ftaring, with belling fkrichery fhe roareth,
When fhee the defired funbeams with faint eye receaued.

Then Iuno omnipotent long pangs, with mercy beholding,
 And this her hard passage: did fend, from propped Olympus,
 Thee lustring rainebow, from corps thee spirit auoyding,
 With rustling coombat buckling, with flaine bodie iustling.
 For where as her parture no due death, nor destinie caused,
 But before her feason thee wretch through phrensie was ended,
 Her locks Gould yellow therefore Proserpina would not
 Shaue from her whit pallet, ne her ding to damnable Orcus.

Then, loe, the faire rainebow saffronlike feathered hoo'ring
 With thowfand gay colours, by the sun contrarie rethining,
 From the sky downe flickring, on her head most ioyfully standing,
 Thus sayd: I doo gods heast, from corps thy spirit I funder.
 Streight, with al her faire locks with right hand speedily snipped:
 Foorth with her heat fading, her liefie too windpuf auoyded.

Finis.

DEO GRATIAS.

Opus decem dierum.





HERE AFTER ENSVE

Certaine Psalmes of David,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

ACCORDING TO THE OBSERVATION OF THE

LATIN VERSES.



AS the *Latinists* haue diuerse kindes of verses besides the *Heroicall*: so our *English* will easily admit them, although in the one language or other they sowne not al so pleasingly to the eare (by whose balance the rowling of the verse is to be gaged) as the sole *heroical*, or the *heroical* and the *elegiacal* enterlaced one with the other. I haue made prooffe of the *Iambical* verse in the translation of the first *Psalme* of *David*, making bolde with the curteous reader, first to acquaint him therewith.

THE FIRST PSALME OF DAVID,

*Named in Latin, Beatus vir,
Translated into English Iambical verse.*

I.



HAT wight is happy and gracious,
That tracks no wicked coompanie;
Nor stands in il men's segnorie;
In chaire ne fits of pestilence.

II.

But in the found law of the Lord
His mind, or heast is refiaunt:
And on the sayd law meditat's,
With hourlye contemplation.

III.

That man refembleth verilye
The graffe bye riuer fituat;
Yeelding abundant plentines
Of fruit, in haruest seasoned.

IV.

With heu'nlye ioyce ftill nourrifhed,
His leafe bye no means vanniſheth;
What thing his hart endeuoureth,
Is prosperouſly accompliſhed.

V.

Not ſo the finful creatures,
Not ſo their acts are prosperous;
But like the ſand, or chaffye duſt,
That wynddye puffs fro ground doe blow.

VI.

Therefor in houre iudicial,
The vngodlye ſhal vnhaunſt remaine;
And ſhal be from the coompanye
Of holye men quite fundered.

VII.

Becauſe the Lord preciſelye knows
The godlye path of ghoflye men;
The fleſhlye trace of filthye deeds
Shal then be cleene extinguiſhed.



O my seeming (wheather I am caried to that conceit by the vnacquainted noueltye, or the meigernesse of this kinde of verse) the *Iambical* quantitie relisheth somewhat vn-sauorly in our language, being in truth not al togeather of the toothsomest in the *Latine*. The *Hexametre* entermingled with the *Pentametre* doth carrye a good grace in the *English*, as also among the *Latins*: in which kinde I haue endeouored the translation of the seconde *Psalme*.

THE SECOND PSALME,

QVARE fremuerunt gentes,

Translated into English Heroical and Elegiacal verse.

I.



WITH frantique madnesse why frets thee multitud
heathen?
And to vayn attemptings what furye flurs the pe-
pil?

II.

Al thee worldye regents, in cluftred coompanye crowded,
For toe tread and trample Chrift with his holye godhead.

III.

Breake we their hard fetters, wee that bee in Christia household,
Also from oure persons pluck we their yrnge yokes.

IV.

Hee skorns their woorcking, that dwels in bleffed Olympus:
And at their brainfick trumperie follye fireth.

V.

Then shal he speake too those in his hard implacabil anger,
And shal turmoyle them, then, with his heauye furye.

VI.

I raigne and doe gouerne, as king, by the Lord his apoinctmēt,
Of mount holy Sion, his wil eke heu'nly preaching.

VII.

Thee Father hath spoaken: Thow art my deerely begotten:
This day thy perfon for my great issue breeding.

R

VIII.

Too mee frame thy praiers, eke of ethnicks the heyre wil I make the,
Alfo toe thy feifin wyde places earthlye giue I.

IX.

With the rod hard fteeled thou fhalt their villenye trample;
Like potters pypkin naughtye men easlye breaking.

X.

You that ar earthlye regents, judges terreftrial harcken,
With the loare of vertu warilye too be fcholed.

XI.

Too God your feruice with feareful duitye betake yee;
With trembling gladneffe yeeld to that highnes honor.

XII.

Lerne wel your leffons, leaft that God ruffle in anger,
And fro the right ftragling, with furye fnatcht ye perifh.

XIII.

When with swift posting his dangerous anger aprocheth,
 They shal bee blessed which in his help be placed.



IN the second verse I translate, *Christ with his heauenly god-head*; and yet the *Latine* runneth, *aduersus Dominum et aduersus Christum eius*. Wherein I offer no violence to the mind and meaning of the *Prophet*. For his drift in this *Psalme* tendeth to the reclayming of earthlye *Potentats* from the vaine enterprize they take in hande, in the suppressing of *Christ* his kingdome: which by too meanes hath bene attempted. The one when our *Sauour* was here in the earth, whom the *Iewes* and *Gentiles* crucified: the other after his *Ascension*, when his *elect* were and now are daylye persecuted by the *miscreaunts*, which persecution *Christ* doth accompt his *owne*, as when he challenged *Saul*, he demaunded why he did persecute him: accompting the *persecution* of his *members* to be his *owne*. And to the like purpose the *Apostles* apply this *Psalme* in the 4. of the *Actes*. Now the *Prophet* vnfoldeth the vanitie of the *Iewes* and *Gentiles* in conspiring togeather to surprize the regiment of *Christ*, in that he is *God*, and that he is the *eternal Sonne* of the *Father*, to whom al *power* is giuen in *heauen* and *earth*, as wel with iustice to cruse the reprobate, as with mercye to salue the elect. Therefore it standeth with the meaning of the *Prophet*, to aduouch the impugning of *Christ*, to be the impugning of *God*, in that he is both *God* and *man*: *God* of the substance of his *Father* begotten before the worlds, and *man* of the substance of his *moother* borne in the world. And that the *Sonne* was before al worlds begotten of the *Father* is plainly notified in the seuenth verse, where the *Father* sayth to the *Sonne*, *This day haue I begotten thee*: signifying by *this day*, *Eternitie*: in which generation is neither time to come, nor time past, nor any changeable season, but

Act. 9. 4.

Act. 4. 25.

Matt. 28. 18.

Athan. in Symb.

alwayes the selfe same immutable *eternitie* to be considered. And therefore in the 12. verse, the *Prophet* layeth downe an exhortation to these men of state, not onely not to band against *Christ*, but also to submit themselues to his loare, as to *God*, who would haue his *Sonne* honored: which verse I haue translated according to the vulgar edition, *apprehendite disciplinam*, where with the *Greeke* text, *δεξαμεθα παιδας*, and also the *Chaldye* interpretour agreeth, as *Petrus Gallatinus* hath obserued: yet the *Hebrue Nas ku bar*, or *Nassecu Bar*, may be to more aduantage of vs *Christians*, and to the confusion of the *Iewes* otherwise translated. *S. Hierom* turneth it, *adore purely*, or *adore the Sonne*, which approueth the deitie of *Christ*: *Felix* translateth it, *kisse the Sonne*, or *embrace the Sonne*: wherein also the prerogatiue of *Christ* is manifested. For by the *kissing of the Sonne* is signified the embracing of his power and doctrin: which hath bene deliuered from the mouth of the *Almightye* to his seruantes by the hands of his *Prophets* and *Apostles*. And therefore the auncient *Talmudistes* expound, in this wise, that of the *Canticles*, *Osculetur me osculo oris sui*, let him kisse me with the kisse of his owne mouth: that is, let the *Messias*, who is the Sonne of God, instruct me with his owne mouth. Let not *Moyse* be sent, who is tongue tied, nor *Esaias*, that acknowledgeth his lips to be polluted, nor *Ieremye*, that sayd he could not speake, but let the very Sonne of God, who is the *Father's* wisdom and force come, and with his mouth lesson and instruct me. So that albeit the worde (*Bar*) may emport sometime learning, sometime corne, sometime that which is pure or cleene, yet eftsoones it notifieth a sonne. As *Barptolomeus*, if we respect the *etymologie* of the word, signifieth the sonne of *Ptolomeus*, *Barnabas*, the sonne of a *Prophet*, as is learnedly expounded by *S. Hierom* in his *Apologie* against *Ruffinus*. But to returne to our *English* verses, I haue attempted the translation of the third *Psalme* in the *Asclepiad* kind: which also, in my fantasie, is not al so pleasaunt in the *English*: but that I refer to the iudgement of the reader.

*Petrus Galat.
de arch Catho.
Veri. lib. 3. cap. 6.
Hieron. in Ps. 2.*

Canti. 1. 1.

*Exod. 4. 10.
Esai. 6. 5.
Ierem. 1. 6.*

*Hieron. in Apol.
con. Ruffin. cap. 5.*

THE THIRD PSALME,

*Named, Domine, quid multiplicati sunt,
Translated into English Asclepiad verse.*

I.



ORD, my drirye foes why doe (they) multiplie?
Mee for too ruinat fundrye be coouetous.

II.

Him fhields not the godhead, fundrye fay too mye foule.

III.

Th'art, Lord most vigilant, wholye mye succorer,
And in the al mye staying shal be ftill harbored:
Th'art my moſte valiant victorie glorious.

IV.

To our Lord lowd I cryed: from holye place herd he mee.

V.

In graue new buried fast haue I slumbered.
I rose to liefc again through God his hollines.

VI.

I feare not furious multitud infinit,
With coompasse laboring, my bodye for to catchc.
Rife, Lord omnipotent, help me, myc champion.

VII.

Lord, thy cleere radiaunt righteusc equitie
Hath squif'd al myc foes, falslyc me ranfaking.

VIII.

Oure Lord participats faultyc with happines:
With gifts, heu'nlyc Godhead, thy pepil amplyc bliffe.



VT of al these base and foote verses (so I terme al, sauluing the *Heroical* and *Elegiacal*) the *Saphick*, to my seeming, hath the preheminencye; which kinde I haue assayed in the paraphrastical translation of the fourth *Psalmc*.

THE FOVRTH PSALME,

*Named, Cum inuocarem,
Paraphrastically translated into English Saphick verse.*

I.



HEN that I called, with an humbil owterye,
Thee God of iustice, meriting mye faulftye,
In many dangers mye weake hart vpholding
Swiftlye did beare me.

II.

Therefor al frefly, like one oft enured
With thye great goodnesse, yet againe doe craue thee,
Mercye too render, with al eeke to graunt me
Gratius harckning.

III.

Wherefore of mankind ye that are begotten,
What space and season doe ye catche for hardnesse,
Uanitie loouing, toe toe fondlye searching
Trumperye falshood.

IV.

Know ye for certain, that our heu'nly reſtour
 His ſacred darling ſpecialy choofed:
 And the Lord therefor, when I pray, wil harcken
 Too my requeſting.

V.

For ſin expired ſe ye reſt in anger,
 And future trefpas with al haſt abandon:
 When that in ſecret ye be fleſhly tickled,
 Run to repentaunce.

VI.

Righteous incenſe ſacrifice heere after
 In God, our guider, your hole hoape reſoſing.
 Fondly doo diuerſe ſay, what hautie great lord
 Us doth inhable.

VII.

Thy ſtar of goodneſſe in vs is reſhining,
 Sound reaſon graunting, with al heu'nlye coomfort:
 With theſe hudge preſents to mine hart afoording
 Gladnes abundant.

VIII.

Theare wheat and vineyards, that ar haplye sprouting,
And oyle, in plenty to the store cel hurded,
With pryde, and glory to the stars inhaunceth
Worldlye men huffing.

IX.

Though that I see not, with a carnal eyficht,
Thee blis and glory, that in heu'n is harbour'd:
Yeet with hoape stand I, to be theare repofed,
And to be refting.

X.

By reafon that thow, my God heu'nlye, fetledft
Mee, thye poore feruaunt, in hoape, and that highlye:
Too be partaker with al heu'nlye dwellers
Of thye blis happye.

s

A Prayer to the Trinitie.

I.



RINITEE blessed, deitie coequal,
 Unitie sacred, God one eeke in essence,
 Yeeld to thy seruauant, pitifullye calling
 Merciful hearing.

II.

Uertuus liuing dyd I long relinquish,
 Thy wyl and precepts miserablie scorning,
 Graunt toe mee, sinful pacient, repenting,
 Helthful amendment.

III.

Blessed I iudge him, that in hart is healed:
 Curfed I know him, that in helth is harmed:
 Thy physick therefore, to me, wretch vnhappye,
 Send, mye Redeemer.

IV.

Glorye too God, thee Father, and his onlie
 Soon, the protectoure of vs earthlie finners,
 Thee sacred Spirit, laborers refreshing,
 Stil be renowned. AMEN.



HERE AFTER ENSVE

Certayne Poetical Conceites.

A deuise made by *Virgil*, or rather by some other, vpon a Riuer so harde frozen, that waynes dyd passe ouer it: varied sundrye wayes, for commendacions, as it should seeme, of the *Latin* tongue; and the same varietie doubled in the *English*.

I.



VA ratis egit iter, iuncto boue, plaustra trahuntur;

Postquam tristis hyems frigore vinxit aquas.

II.

Sustinet vnda rotam, patulæ modò peruia puppi:

Vt concreta gelu marmoris instar habet.

III.

*Quas modò plaustra premunt vndas, ratis antè secabat:
Postquam brumali diriguere gelu.*

IV.

*Vnda rotam patitur, celerem nunc passà carinam:
In glaciem solidam versus ut amnis abit.*

V.

*Quæ solita est ferre vnda rates, fit peruisa plaustis:
Ut stetit in glaciem marmore versa nouo.*

VI

*Semita fit plaustro, quâ puppis adunca cucurrit:
Postquam frigore bruma coëgit aquas.*

VII.

*Orbita signat iter, modò quâ cauus alueus exit:
Strinxit aquas tenues ut glacialis hyems.*

VIII.

*Amnis iter plaustro dat, qui dedit antè carinæ:
Duruìt vt ventis vnda, fit apta rotis.*

IX.

*Plaustra boues ducunt, quà remis acta carina est:
Postquam dirigit crassus in amne liquor.*

X.

*Vnda capax ratium plaustreis iter algida præbet:
Frigoribus sæuis vt stetit amnis iners.*

XI.

*Plaustra viam carpunt, quà puppes ire solebant:
Frigidus vt Boreas obstupescit aquas.*

THE SAME ENGLISHED.

I.



HEARE ships sayld, the wagons are now drawn
strongly with oxen:
For that thee season frostie did hold the water.

II.

Theare the wagon runneth, wheare whillon veffel hath hulled:
For that thee marbil frostye made hard the riuer.

III.

Theare placed is the wagon, wheare boats road graped at anchour:
When that a could winter thee water hastie stayd.

IV.

Now the car is trayled, wheare barges latelye repayred:
When that cold Boreas chillye did hold the riuer.

V.

Where ships haue trauayled, theare now cars fundrye be tracing :
When nipping winter thee riuier hardlye stoped.

VI.

Theare the coch is running, wheare latelye the nauie remayned ;
When that the northren frostye gale hemd the riuier,

VII.

Now the naue hath passage, wheare keele was latelye repofed :
By reason of winters frost, that hath hid the water.

VIII.

Thee water vp the wagons dooth prop, that veffel hath harbourd :
Beecaufe that the riuier frostines yfye tied,

IX.

Now the wagon rowleth, wheare lighturs hulled in hauen :
When that a frost knitting stronglye witheeld the riuier.

X.

Wheare the ship earft fayled, the cart his paffage on holdeth:
When thee frofty weather thee water hardlye glued.

XI.

Now the wayn is propped, whear to earft thee gallye reforted:
For that thee winter hoare glue retheynd the water.

SO MANY TIMES IS THE LATIN

varied, and yeet as manye times more for the
honoure of thee English.

I.



HEARE chariots doe trauayle, wheare late the great
argofye fayled:
By reafon of the riuer knit with a froftye foder.

II.

Where the great hulck floated, theare now thee cartwheelee is hagling:
Thee water hard curded with the chil yfye rinet.

III.

Where skut's furth laūched, theare now thee great wayn is entred:
When the riuer frized by reafon of the weather.

IV.

Wheare rowed earft mariners, theare now godie carmā abideth,
Thee flud, congealed ftifye, relats the reafon.

V.

Now the place of fayling is turn'd to a carter his entrye,
This change thee winters chillines hoarye bredeth.

VI.

Now wayns and chariots are drawne, wheare nauie did harrow:
This new found paffadge froftines hoarye fhaped.

VII.

Wheare barcks haue paffed, with cart's that parcel is haunted:
From woonted moyfture for that yce heeld the water.

T

VIII.

Wheare ftems haue trauerfd, there haue oxen traced in headftal:
By reafon yfe knitting thee water beeld free flowing.

IX.

Wheare the flye boat coafted, theare cart wheels cluftred ar hobling
This new ftrange paffadge winter his hoarnes habled.

X.

Earft the flud, vpbearing thee fhip, now the cartwheelee vpholdeth.
When wator is ioyned firmlie with hoarye weather.

XI.

Whear ruther fteered, thee goad theare poaked hath oxen:
Thee winters-coldneffe thee riuer hardlye roching.

THE DESCRIPTION OF LIPAREN,

Expressed by *Virgil* in the eight booke of his *Æneis*; in which place the *Poet* payed, as it weare, his price, by aduancing at ful thee loftines of his veyne:
Done into *English* by the translatour, for his last farewel too the sayd *Virgil*.



WARD Sicil is seated, to the welken loftily peaking,
A foyl, ycleapt Liparen, from whence, with flounce
furye flinging
Stoans, and burley bulets, like tamponds, mayne-
lye be towring.

Under is a kennel, wheare Chymneys fyrye be
scorching

Of Cyclopan tofters, with rent rocks chamferye sharded,
Lowd dub a dub tabering with frapping rip rap of *Ætna*.
Theare ftroaks ftroglye threfhing, yawl furth groans, ftāped on anuyl.
In the den are drumming gads of fteele, parchfule spareckling;
And flam's fierclye glowing from fornace flafshye be whifking.
Vulcan his hoate fordgharth, named eeke thee Uulcian ifland.
Downe from the heu'nlye palace trauayled thee firye god hither.
In this caue the rakehels yr'ne bars, bigge bulcked, ar hamring.
Brotes, and Steropes, with baerlym fwartye Pyracmon.
Theefe thre were vpbotching, not fhapte, but partlye wel onward,
A clapping fierbolt (fuch as oft, with rownce robel hobble,
Ioue to the ground clattreth) but yeet not finniſhed holye.
Three fhows wringlye wrythen glimring, and forciblye fowcing;

Three watrie cloudes shytring toe the craft they rampired hizzing,
 Three whern's fierd gliftring, with southwynds ruffled huffling.
 Now doe they rayse gastly lightnings, now grislye reboundings
 Of ruffe raffe roaring, mens harts with terror agryfing.
 With peale meale ramping, with thwick thwack sturdilye thundring.
 Theyre labor hoat they folow: toe the flame fits gyreful awarding.
 And in an od corner, for Mars they be sternfulye flayling
 Hudge spoaks and chariots, by the which thee furlye god angered,
 Haftye men enrageth, too wrath towns bat'ful on eggeth.
 And they be fresh forging to the netled Pallas an armoure,
 With Gould ritchly shrined, wheare scaals be ful horriblye clincked
 Of scrawling serpents, with sculcks of poyfoned adders.
 In brest of the godeffe Gorgon was coketed hardlye,
 With nodil vniointed by death, light vital amouing.
 Uoyd ye fro theese flamfews, quoa the god, set a part the begun wurck.



HE LOVER LONG SOUGHT VNTO

by his freend, at last repayreth to her presence: and
 after a few meetings, smelling the drift of the mother,
 which earst hee did forcast to tend to the preferring
 of her daughter in mariadg, refrayneth the gentle-
 womans company, though eftsoones to the contrarie
 solicited, as one vnwilling to marry at al, and very
 loath to mar so curteous a dame: And therefore for the preseruacion of
 her honoure, and to auoyd the encoumbraunce of *loue*, he curbeth *affec-*
tion with *discretion*; and thus descanteth on the playne song.



W^NTOE this hard paffadge (good God!) what phren-
fie did hale mee?

From thy quiet feruice my felf too flau'rye betak-
ing.

Unto the lure smoothly, with faynd folemnitie,
trayned!

Fiue moonths ful ſhe plyed: means made: dreams fundrye related.
If we met in walcking, what ſcarlet bluſh ſhe reſembled?
Her color oft altreth: with loou's hoat palſie ſhe trembleth.
Back goth hir eye glaūcing: a ſigh herd; moods chaungabil vttered.
I litle accoumpted, God knows, thee curteſie proferd.
Stil did I keepe backward, what I find tim's fundrye forvttring.
For to loue a ſtranger, ſcarce ſeene, what found reaſon egs her?
But reaſon in loouepangs who ſeeketh? a wooman eke hateth
Or loou's extreemely: no meane, no meaſure is extant!
At length, woon by prayer, to her lodge my paſſage I bended;
Lumps of looue promiſt, nothing perfourmed in earneſt.
Forgerie thee pandar: thee meſſadge mockrie: the mooother
Thee knot of al the lying, thee virgin faultles is only.
But ſhal I looue thee ladie, ſo as Petrarck Laura regarded?
In paper her dandling? her perſon neauer ataining?
Such ſport fits the poets, whom rauing phantaſie fotteth.
I doe wake, I dreame not: no ſuch inckhorne vanitie feeds mee.
Thee bodie, not ſhaddow: no woords, but worckes I couet.
Marriage is profred: that yoke thee loouer abhorreth.
And to mar a virgin, to a freend ſuch curteſie tendring,
Were not a praſtiſe honeſt, nor a preede to be greatly recounted.

Thee rinet of freendship, vertu, fuch treacherie damneth.
 What man of annie reason with villenye vertue requiteth?

Rest the quiet, therefore: flee from theefe dangerous hard rocks,
 Where to loue oft leadeth; with stormes thee passage is haunted.
 Great trauayl in the fuing, thee profred curtesie skorned.
 If she coye, that kendleth thee fondling loouer his onset:
 Greedelye wee couet, that was to vs flatlye refused.
 Queynt of a kisse publicque, lewd lust with nicetye masking.
 Such woomens negatiues for a yeelding, yea fyr, ar holden.
 What doth auayl, minion, this sleight and treacherye cogging?
 Cleaue to the found Castè, flee from thee patcherye Cautè.

Then fresh againe prayeth hee, percase thee fuitur is eared.
 Wel: the woer gayneth the required victorie. What then?
 Is the trauayl finnisht? are pleasurs onely then hoo'ring?
 Nay: then thy misery, thine hel eeke theare taketh his entraunce.
 Now thy sleepe is scanted, now stinging ielosie fretteth.
 Dame Venus and kingdooms can no riualitie suffer.
 Her fauor hee gayned with a beck: that burneth in entrayls.
 Who deems it wisdome with glasse to rampyre a bulwarck?
 Men say, that a changing of pasture maketh a fat calfe.
 A calf it maketh; toe the fat let a grasier aunswere!
 That wil a way, who can hold? fuch challeng therefor abandon.
 Robbrye toe bee purchase, foom terme eeke leacherye folace.

She kept no promise: that would be a quarrel in earnest.
 Now wars proclaymed, peace againe now freshlye renewed.
 Now theefe suspicions, now that furmises ar op'ned.

Now beldam brokresse must be with moonny rewarded.
 Ueritie detestling, nought els but vanitie babling.
 This gowne your looue mate, that kirtil costlly she craueth,
 This pearle, that diamond, this massiue garganet asking.
 Nought may ye forsake her: that would bee felonie deemed.
 Jelosie thee perfon, thee purse eeke penurie pincheth.
 Is this an heu'n, trow you? fro that heu'n Gods mercy withhold mee!
 Pleasure is vnpleasaunt that purchaseth heauie repentaunce.
 In so much as therefore this great vexation haunteth
 Al such as are loouers, and wished bootie doe coompasse:
 I doe renounce flatlye thee fielde, such victorie skorning,
 Too my freedoom former my self from flau'rie reclaiming.

AN ENDEVOURED DESCRIPTION

of his Mistresse.



NATURE in her woorking foome time dooth pinch like
 a niggard
 Disfiguring creatures, lims with deformitie dusking.
 This man is vnioyncted, that swad like a monster
 abideth;
 Shee limps in the going, this flut with a cammoifed
 haucks nose,
 And as a cow wafted plods on, with an head like a lutecafe.
 Theese faultes fond hodiepecks impute too Nature, as if she
 Too frame were not habil gems with rare dignitie lustring!

Wherfor, in aduif'ment laboring too cancel al old blots,
 And to make a patterne of price, thee maistrie to publish:
 For to shape a peerelesse paragon shee minded, assembling
 Her force and cunning: for a spirt lands fundrie refusing,
 And with al her woockmats traualing she lighteth in Holland.
 Roūd too the Hage posting, to the world Marie matchles auaucing,
 In bodie fine fewter'd, a braue brownnetta; wel handled;
 Her stature is coomly: not an inch to superfluus holding,
 Gratius in visadge; with a quick eye prettily glauncing;
 Her lips like coral rudie, with teeth lillie whit eeu'ned.
 Yoong in age, in manners and nurture sage she remaineth;
 Bashful in her speaking; not rash, but watchful in aunswer;
 Her looks, her simpring, her woords with curtesie sweetning;
 Kind, and also modest; liking with chastitie lincking;
 And in al her gestur's obseruing coomly decorum.
 But to what eend labor I, me to presse with burden of Ætna:
 Thee stars too number, poincts plainely vncountabil op'ning?
 Whuſt: not a woord: a filence such a task impossibil asketh.
 Her vertu meriteth more praise than parly can vtter!

HIS DEVISE WRITTEN

in his Mistresses booke.



*AGA Hollandorum vario splendore refulget,
 Solis in hac lumen sola Maria tenet.*

THE SAME ENGLISHED.



THEE fine Hage excelleth with lusturs fundrie re-
shining.
Thee fun hath his brightnesse in Marie foly
placed.

THREE ESPECIAL GIFTES

wherein his *Mystresse* excelleth.



THREE poincts my mystresse with passing dignitie
garnish.
Coomlynes of perfon thee first ranck rightlye re-
teigneth:
Curtesie keeps the fecond: thee third row Chasti-
tye claymeth:

For so fayre a paragon, with booxom deboynar vsadge;
And so pure a virgin with so rare vertue bedecked:
Sundrie may wel wish for. Marye must be the principal holden

U

OF A CRAKING CVTTER,

Extracted out of Syr *Thomas Moore*
his Latin Epigrams.



INCKT was in wedlock a loftye Thrafonical huf
snuffe:

In gate al on typstau's stalcking, in phisnomye
daring

This cutter valiant in warfar fought his auenture.

Thee whilst his minion, with carnal wantones
itching,

Chooſte, for a freēd ſecret, no woorſe thā a cōūtrye lob heerd ſwaine.

A pray for a paragon! but what? thee knurry knob oake tree,

Though craggy in griping, in ſtrength ſurpaſſeth a ſwooth ſlip.

When Thraſo from bickrings, not bluddie, returned is homeward,

Of this hap aduertifde, with frantick ielloſye taynted,

Hee ſeeks in thee fields, with ſwift enquirye, the riuall.

Stay, vagabund rafkal (ſo he ſpake, when he ſpide the lob heerd hyne)

Thee clowne ſtout ſtandeth with a leſſe of bulletted hard ſtoans.

Then Thraſo with naked flatcket, with thunderus owtrerie

Sayd: thou ſcuruye peafaunt, my wiefe th'haſt, villen, abuſed.

My bed defiled: like a breaklooue mak'bat adultrer.

Al this I deny not, quoa the clowne: and what then, I pray thee?

Dooſt thou confeſſe it? Thraſo ſayd: bye the bleſſed aſemblye

Of the heu'nly ſociats, haſt thou thy knau'rye reneaged,

This mye blade in thy body ſhould bee with ſpeedines haſted!

OF A TEMPEST QVAYLING

certeyn passengers; borrowed of the same

Syr Thomas Moore.

HEARE rose in sayling a rough tempestuous owtrage,

With watrye plash bouncing, thee ribs of giddie ship hitting.

Thee mariners fearing, al hoap eeke of falsly reiecting,

Said: that a bad liuing eke a bad death rightly required.

Al that are in passadge to a munck, father holy, resorted,

Who was eke embarcked, to him their confession op'ning.

Howbeit thee stormie ruffling is no whit abated;

But thee rough billows the ship toe toe terribly charged.

Twish! what woonder is it, quod one of the coompany chauffing,

If that thee vessel with weight most finful is heauie?

Duck we the munck therefor, that al our faults wholly receaued;

Hastly let him to the seas our fins and villeny carrie!

Al they be contented, thee munck they speedily plunged:

Ceast was thee tempest, if truth bee truely related.

Heereby wee be scholed, what poyse fin ponderus holdeth,

That with an hudge and weightie balas furchargeth a vessel!

HESPERVS HIS CONFESSION.

Written in Latin by the said Sir Thomas Moore.



ESPERUS his faulty liuelood too cal to recounting
Minding, too be shriuen with woont accustomed
haftned.

When that he told plainely what crim's most fin-
ful he practif'd:

Yeet thee goastly father, laboring more deeply to
ranfack

His former liuing, by distinct article asked
Eu'ry fin, and naming by peecemeal curius eche fault,
At length demaunded, wheather, with forcery blinded,
Erst he beleefe yeelded to the bugs infernal? here aunswer'd
Hesperus: holy father, doe ye thinck me so madly bewitched
Too beleue in the deuils? I tel you truely, to great pain's
Stil I take enduring, in God yet scantly beleeuing!

OF TYNDARVS THAT FRVMPED

a gentlewoman for hauing a long nose, de-
liuered by the former author
in Latine.



TYNDARUS attempting to kis a faire lasse with a
long nose,
Would needs bee finish, with bitter frumpery taunt-
ing.
In vain I doo coouet my lips too linck to thy sweete
lips :

Thy nose, as a stickler, toe toe long vs parteth a funder!
Heere the maid, al bashful, the vnsau'rie faucines heeding:
With choler oppressed, thus shrewdly to Tyndarus aunswer'd:
Sith my nose owtpeaking, good fir, your liplabor hindreth,
Hardly ye may kisse mee, where no such gnomon apeereth!

SYR THOMAS MOORE HIS

receipt for a strong breath; translated
out of his Latin Epigrams.



FIRST for a strong fauour stincking, a leeke may be
taken:
That sent too bannish, thee best is an onion eaten.
And to repeal likewise that fauour, garlick is hol-
foom.
If that theese simples wil not thee filthod abandon,
A rose, or els nothing, that drafty infirmitie cureth!



HERE ENSVE

Certaine Epitaphes,

FRAMED AS WELL IN

LATIN AS ENGLISH.

AN EPITAPH DEvised VPON THE DEATH OF
the right honourable *James* earle of *Ormond* and *Ossorie*, who deceased at
Elie house, in Holborne, about the yeere 1546. the xvij. of October; and lieth
buried in *S. Thomas Acres* Church. Extracted out of the third booke of the
Historie of Ireland.



OR patriæ fixum viuens, iam redditur illi.

Post mortem, patriæ quæ peracerba venit.

Non fine corde valet mortalis viuere quisquam;

Vix tua gens vita permanet absque tua

Quæ licet infælix extincto corde fruatur,

Attamen optato viuere corde nequit.

Ergo quid hæc faciat? quem te non possit amorem,

Cordi vt tam charo reddere corde velit.



HIS earle was a goodlye and personable man: ful of honour, which was not only lodged inwardly in his minde, but also hee bare it outwardly in countenance. As franck and as liberal as his calling requyred. A deepe and a far reatching head. In a good quarel, rather stout than stubborn; bearing him self with no lesse courage, when hee resisted, than with honourable discretion where he yeelded.

A fauourer of *peace*, no furtherer of *war*, as one that preferd vnlawfull quietnesse before vpriht troubles; being not withstanding of as great wisdom in the one, as of valour in the other. An earnest and zealous vpholder of his countrye, in al attemptes, rather respecting the publicque weale than his priuate gayne. Whereby he bound his countrye so greatly vnto him, that Ireland might with good cause wish, that either he had neuer bene borne, or els that he had neuer deceased; so it were lawful, to craue him immortal, that by course of nature was framed mortal. And to giue sufficient prooffe of the entire affection he bare his countrye, and of the zealous care hee dyd cast thereon, hee beetooke in his death bed his *soule* to *God*, his carcasse to *Christian burial*, and his *hart* to his *countrye*; declaring thereby, that where his mynde was setled in his life, his hart should bee theare entumbed after his death. Which was according to his wil accomlisht. For his hart was conueighed into *Ireland*, and lyeth engraue in thee chore of the cathedral church in *Kilkenny*, where his ancetours, for the more parte, are buried. Vpon which kind legacye the aboue wryten *Epitaph* was deuised.

VPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD

of the out Isles of *Scotland*: of whom mention
is made in the third booke of
the *Historie of Ireland*.



*IQVE manuque mea patriæ dum redditur exsul,
Exsul in externa cogor et ipse mori.*



HIS nobleman assisting the earle of *Lennox* ended his life
at *Howth* presently vpon his arriual, and was with great
solemnitie buried in *S. Patrick* his church at *Dublin*; circa
Annum Domini M.D.XLIII.

VPON THE DEATH OF HIS

father, *James Stanyhurst* Esquyer, who decea-
sed at Dublyn, Anno 1573. xxvij. of
December, ætatis LI.



ITA brevis, mors sancta fuit (pater optime) visa :

Vita timenda malis, mors redamanda bonis.

Vrbs est orba sopho ; legum rectore tribunal ;

Causidicoque cliens ; atque parente puer.

Plurima proferrem, sed me prohibere videtur

Pingere vera dolor, fingere falsa pudor.

Non opus est falsis, sed quæ sunt vera loquenda,

Non mea penna notet, buccina fama sonet.

Hoc scripisse satis ; talem quandoque parentem

Est habuisse decus, sed caruisse dolor.

Filius hæc dubitans talem vix comperit vsquam

Vllus in orbe patrem, nullus in vrbe parem.

Mortuus ergo, pater, poteris bene viuus haberi,

Viuus enim mundo nomine, mente Deo.

VPON THE DEATH OF HIS

father in law, *Syr Christofer Barnewal*, knight.



*ÆTA tibi, sed mæsta tuis mors accidit ista:
Regna dat alta tibi, damna dat ampla tuis.
Lætus est in cælis vlllo fine fine triumphans,
Mæstus at in terris diues inopsque iacent,
Nam sapiente caret diues, qui parta gubernet,
Nec, qui det misero munera, pauper habet.*

*Te gener ipse caret, viduæ, te rustica turba,
Atque urbana cohors te (Socer alme) caret
Non est digna viro talis respublica tanto,
Nam sanctos sedes non nisi sancta decet.
Mira loquor, sed vera loquor, non ficta reuoluo,
Si maiora loquar, nil nisi vera loquar.
Mortuus es? nobis hoc crimina nostra dederunt,
Mortuus es? virtus hoc tibi sacra dedit.
Viuus es in cælo, dedit hoc tibi gratia Christi,
Viuus ut in mundo sis, tibi fama dabit.*



*CHRISTOPHORUS BARNEWALLUS, vir equestris ordi-
nis, vetere ac illustri familia procreatus, cum esset admodum
adolescens ad clarissimam Oxoniensem Academiam à præstan-
tissimis parentibus missus, summè erat eloquentiæ atque philo-
sophiæ studiosus. Quæ cum magno studio curaque disceret;
Londinum profectus est, ubi in hospitium Graiense cooptatus
cognitionem Britannici iuris bene laudabilem erat consecutus.*

Cum verò non multum à tanti operis perfectione abesset, optimus et amâtissimus eius

pater hoc interim spacio (anima à corpore semota et disclusa) hinc demigravit. Quo audito, Christophorus se statim in patriam, cum omnium applausu, contulit, atque ibi patrimonium suum quod ei iam tum satis amplum pater reliquerat, summa æquabilitate ac recta conscientia, sine ullius offensione amplificavit. Mira erat vitæ eius integritas; prædicabilis erga Deum sanctitas; admirabilis in patriam pietas. Nulla verò in tota regione erat hospitalitas, quæ vix posset cum illius hospitalitate conferri. Sapientia præditus profectò singulari. In urbe gratia, ruri auctoritate florebat. Vir erat ut corpore, ita valetudine plerunque imbecillior, natura mitissimus, in iniurijs ferendis patientissimus, in repellendis fortissimus, in repub. defendenda acerrimus. Nono Calend. Augusti ex itinere in febrim incidit, cuius dolore paucis post diebus, cum totius reipub. eiulatu ac lamentatione, consumtus est: annos natus 42. Anno Domini 1575.

VPON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE,

*Genet, daughter to Syr Christofer Barnewal knight,
who deceased at Knight his bridge, of chield-
byrth, Anno 1579. August xxvj. ætatis
xix. and lieth entered at Chelsey.*



*MORS tua quanta tuis mæroris vulnera fixit,
Multorum gemitus, me reticente, sonant.
Nobilis ortus erat, tua clarè vita peracta,
Corpore pulchra satis, moribus alma sacris.
Heu mihi, sed subitò sublata hæc dona fuerunt,
In teneris annis dum mihi dona dabas.*

*Quam dederas natæ vitam, tibi nata negavit,
Quam dederas lucem, luce (Genetta) cares.
Qualis erat mater (sola breuitate relicta
Vitæ) fit talis nata relicta precor.
Quos iunxit mundo, Christus coniungat Olympo,
I't thorus vnus erat, sic thronus vnus erit.*

VPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOUR-

able and his most deare coosen, the *Lorde Baron of Louth*, who was trayterously murthred by *Mackmaughoun*, an Irish Lording, about the yeare 1577.



HUS, loa, thyne haft (coofen) bred wafte too cittye,
to countrey.

Thee bearbrat boucher thy corps with villenye
mangled.

Not by his manlye valour, but through thy def-
perat offer.

As the liefte is lafting too futch, as in armes ar heedye.

Eu'n fo death is pofting too thofe, that in armor ar headye.

Haulfpenye, far better than on houfful clufter of angels,

Although habil, would not fro thye danger deadlye be parted.

Whom lief combyned, death could not fcatter afunder.

Sutch is thee faftneffe of fofter brootherhod Irish.

Though Sydney and Deluyn thee murther partlye reuenged:

A loffe fo pretioufe may not bee fullye requited.

Thee death of a thowfand Maghounds is vnequal amendment.

Thee nobles may not but a death fo bluddie remember,

The Plunckets wil not from mind fuch boutcherie bannifh.

Thy ladie, thy kinred, doo miffe thy freendfhip aprooued;

Thee cittie mourneth thee lack of a counfalor holfoom;

And thee countrie moneth thee want of a zealus vpholder;

Uertu eeke lamenteth thee lack of an holye repentaunt.

Howbeit dame Uertu thy goodneffe kindlye rewardeth,

In memory thin honour, thy foul eeke in glorie reposing.

VPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOUR-
 able the *Lord Girald fitz Girald, L. Baron of Offalye*, who deceased at
S. Albans in the yeare 1580, the last of Iune, the xxj yeare of his age.



OOMTIME liu'lye Girald in graue now liu'les is
 harbourd.

A matchleffe gallant, in birth and auncetrie nobil.
 His nobil linnadge Kyldaer with Mountegue war-
 rants.

Proper in his perfon, with gifts fo him nature
 adorned.

In valor and in honor wel knowne too no man vnequal.
 And a true found fubiect, to his prince moft faithful abiding.
 Theefe notwithstanding his liefte too to haftilye bannifht.
 Nipt were thee bloffooms, eare fruietful feafon aproched.
 Wherefor his acquaintaunce his death fo vntimelye bewaileth.
 Maynoth lamenteth, Kilka, and Rathangan ar howling.
 Nay rather is mated bye this hard hap defolat Ireland.
 Such claps of batter that feally vnfortunat ifland.
 O that I thy praifes could wel decipher in order,
 Like Homer or Virgil, like Geffray Chaucer in Englifh:
 Then would thy Stanyhurft in pen bee liberal holden.
 Thee poet is barrayn; for praife rich matter is offred.

Heere percafe carpers wil twight this iollitie youthful.
 Strong reason vnfrained that weake obiection aunfwers.

Hee must bee peerlesse who in young yeers faultles abideth.
 Such birds flee feldoom, such black swans scantlye be floating.
 In world of mischiefe who finds such glorius angels?
 Soom stars passe oothers; al perls doe not equalye luster.
 Thee foundest wheatcorne with chaffy filthod is husked.
 What shal I say further, this loare diuinitie telleth;
 Uertuus he liued, through grace that vertuus eended.
 What may be then better, than a godly and gratius vpshot?
 Too God in al pietee, too Prince in dutie remaining.
 Whearefor (worthy Giralde) fith thy eend was hartie repentaunce,
 Thy foul God gladdeth with faincts in blessed Olympus,
 Though tumb'd bee carcasse in towne of martyred Alban.




HIS noble man, if we respect the gifts that *God* planted in him, was doubtlesse ful of good partes. Of disposition kind and louing, easily moued, and as soone appeased; apt to al maner of actiuitie, coueting in each laudable enterprize not onely to be commendable, but also surpassing. In wit quicke and pregnant, and of good forecast, namely as farre as his yeares would beare: yet somewhat wantonly giuen, whereto *youth*, *nobilitie*, and *lewd companie* did carry him; the *one* sturring, the *other* warranting, the *third* easily trayning a man of deeper iudgement to such fond fantasies, if by *God* his gracious guerden he be not the stronger garded. But a litle before his death he became such a *changling*, as he did not onely purchase the commendation of straungers, but also bred admiration in his freends, who greatly reioyced to see so penitent and godly an alteration from vice to vertue. In which time finding his conscience deeply gauld with the outrageous oathes he vsed to thunder out in gamning, he made a few verses, as it were his *cygnea oratio*: which, not so much for the meeter as the matter, I thinke good to be diuulged *verbatim*, as I found them, after his decease, scribled with his

owne hande. And if the *reader* hap to stumble at the vnderstanding of any *staffe*,
let it be sufficient, that the *maker* his meaning was good.

A PENITENT SONNET WRITTEN

by the *Lord Girald* a litle before his death.

I.

Y losse in play men oft forget
Thee duitie they dooe owe,
Too him that did bestow thee fame,
And thowfands millions moe.

II.

I loath to see them fweare and flare,
When they the maine haue lost,
Forgetting al thee byes that weare
With God and Holy Ghoast.

III.

By wounds and nayles they thinke too win,
But truely it is not so:
For al their frets and fumes in fin,
They monileffe must goe.

IV.

Theare is no wight that vſ'd it more,
 Than hee that wrote this verſe,
 Who crieth, *peccau*, now therefore
 His othes his hart doe perce.

V.

Therefor example take by mee,
 That curſe thee luckleſſe time,
 That euer dice mine eyes did ſee,
 Which bred in mee this crime.

VI.

Pardon mee for that is paſt,
 I wil offend no more:
 In this moſt vile and finful caſt,
 Which I wil ſtil abhore.

Y

AN EPITAPH ENTITVLED COMMVNE DE-

functorum, such as our vnlearned Rithmours, accustomably make vpon the death of euerie *Tom Tyler*, as if it were a last for euery one his foote, in which the quantities of sillables are not to be heeded.



OOM to me, you mufes, and thow moft chiefly,
Minerua,

And ye that are dwellers in dens of darcned
Auerna.

Help my pen in writing, a death moft foarie re-
citing,

Of the good old Topas, foon too thee mightie fyr Atlas.
For grauitee the Cato, for wit Mars, Bacchus, Apollo:
Scipio for warfare, for gentil curtefie Cæfar.
A great Alexander, with a longe white neck like a gaunder.
In yeer's a Neftor, for wars a martial Hector,
Hannibal and Pompey, with Triftram, Gallahad, Orckney:
Hercules in coafting, a Vulcan mightily toafting.
In wifdoom Salomon, for ftreingth and courage a Sampfon.
For iuftice Radamanthus: in equity woorthy Lycurgus.
And not a Therfites, but he was a fubtile Vlyffes.
In learning Socrates: in faithful freendfhip Achates.
Yea, though he ftand nameleffe, hee was in prowes Achilles.
A Damon and Pythias, for gould and filuer a Midas.
Noë for continuaunce, a learned Tullie for vtt'raunce.
In trauaile Æneas, for fecrets truftful Iöllas.
And in philofophy, a Raymond, a Bacon, a Ripply,

In medicis Pæon, Galen, and most famous Alcon,
 Plinie, Dioscorides, Hipocrates, and Araornes,
 O you curfd Parcas, why kyld ye the good foon of Atlas?
 And whye, without mercy, doe ye flea thee fayre ladye Thisbee?
 A Sara for goodnesse, a greate Bellona for hudgeffe.
 For myldenesse Anna, for chastitye godlye Sufanna.
 Hester in a good shift, a Iudith stoute at a dead lift.
 Also Iulietta, with Dido, ritch Cleopatra.
 With fundrie namelesse, and woomen more many blamelesse.
 Is not he wel garded, thee wooman richly rewarded?

AN EPITAPH WRITTEN BY SIR THOMAS MORE

vpon the death of Henrie Abyngdō, one of the gentlemen of the Chappel:
 which devise the authour was fayne to put in meeter, by reason the partie
 that requested his trauel, did not like of a verye proper Epitaph that was first
 framed, because it ran not in rythme, as may appeare at ful in his Latin Epi-
 grammes: wherevpon Syr Thomas More shapt these verses ensuing, with
 which the suppliant was exceedingly satisfied as if the author had hit the
 nayle on the head.

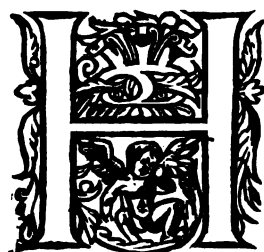


*IC iacet Henricus semper pietatis amicus:
 Nomen Abingdon erat, si quis sua nomina quærat
 Wellis hic ecclesia fuerat succentor in alma,
 Regis et in bella cantor fuit ipse capella.
 Millibus in mille cantor fuit optimus ille.
 Præter et hæc ista fuit optimus orgaquenista.*

Nunc igitur Chrifte, *quoniam tibi seruijt* iste,
Semper in orbe soli da sibi regna poli.



HE same, though not *verbatim* construed, yet in effect thus may be translated; wherein the learned are not to looke for the exact obseruation of quantities of syllables, which the authour in the Latin did not very precisely keepe.



EERE lyeth old *Henry*, no freend to mischeeuus
enuy.

Surnam'd *Abyngdon*, to al men most hartily wel-
coom.

Clerck he was in *Wellis*, where tingle a great many
bellis.

Also in the *Chappell* hee was not counted a *moungrel*:
And such a lowd *finger*, in a thowfand not such a *ringer*.
And with a *concordance*, a man most skilful in *organce*.
Now God I craue *duly*: fence this man seru'd the so *truly*.
Henry place in *kingdoom*, that is also named *Abingdon*,

Finis.



THE PRINTER

TO THE

Curteous Reader.



AM to craue thy pacience (good reader) and thy friendly acceptaunce of my paines in printing this booke. The nouelty of the verse, and the absence of the Author, put me halfe in a feare either to displease the gentleman that penned it, or not to please the gentlemen that reade it: if I should obserue the newe Ortographie used in the booke, (whether with the writers mind, or the Printers fault, I know not) it might haue bred error in the vnderstanding of many, and misliking in the iudgement of most. And very loth I am to seeme iniurious to the Author, in straying any whit from his prescribed rules in writing, exactly obseruing the quantity of euery syllable. If I

haue here and there changed some one or other letter, my purpose was to giue more light to the matter, by that maner of speech, whereto our country men are most acquainted. The absence of any letter, which for the necessitie of the verse often falleth out, I haue noted with an Apostrophe thus (') for the placing of two oo and ee for one, and contrary one for two, which thou mayest often meete with in reading, I am to refer thee to the Authors Epistle, at the beginning, and generally to commend to thy curtesie my trauaile in so straunge and vnaccustomed a worke.



EDINBURGH PRINTING COMPANY.

